- T H E N E T -

by

Ferris/Brancato

and

W.F.McCowkler

Winkler Films

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EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - LATE DAY

You think you're looking at the Washington Monument, but THE IMAGE DISTORTS AND RIPPLES, it's only a mirrored image in the Reflecting Pool.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - LATE DAY

Beginning on the Capitol Dome, CAMERA CRANES DOWN to reveal...

VINCE BERGSTROM, Speaker of the House, 50's, greying, affable, carries himself as a senior lawmaker.

GUARD
Good night, Mr. Bergstrom.

BERGSTROM
'night, Hank.

Bergstrom slips into his towncar, his DRIVER closes his door.

BERGSTROM
Let's take the parkway, Eddie. Too much traffic on the 95.

EXT. PARKWAY, OUTSIDE WASHINGTON - LATER

A lovely tree-lined drive along the river, once the main artery for commuters. The black towncar glides past.

INT. TOWNCAR - SAME

Bergstrom is staring at the passing scenery. They pass an apple stand.

BERGSTROM
Eddie--?

EXT. APPLE STAND - LATE DAY

Bergstrom hands over a few bills, the STAND WORKER hands him a bag of apples as he gets back in his car and they pull away.

ON THE STANDWORKER - counting his money. He looks up in shock.

STANDWORKER
Hey mister--?
(to another worker)
Guy just gave me a hundred bucks.

OTHER WORKER
No shit? Must be a lobbyist.

EXT. TURNOFF - OVERLOOKING THE RIVER - DUSK

Bergstrom is walking along the cliffs, eating an apple, talking on his cellular phone while his car and driver patiently wait.

BERGSTROM
Hey buddy, what's this I hear about you givin' your mom a hard time?
(beat)
Do your homework first, then Sega...I'll be home soon. I will. Okay, let me talk to Mom.
(beat)
No, no--we just had a couple of revisions to get into the Chief before session tomorrow. Want me to pick you up anything? Sure? Alright.
(smiles)
We were probably the same way at his age. I know I was. Yeah, see you soon.

And he flips his cellular phone shut, sets it down on a picnic table. CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE PHONE.

Bergstrom can be seen in B.G., out of focus, as he walks toward the bank, reaches into his pocket, takes out something.

ON EDDIE THE DRIVER -- getting bored. He sneaks a look at Bergstrom, checks his watch, shakes his head, then goes back to his tabloid. We see the headline-VP LAUNCHES WITH NASA.

ON BERGSTROM -- taking a last bite of the apple, then tossing it into the river below. He chews, savoring the flavor, swallows, then places the barrel of a .38 revolver in his mouth and with his eyes open--

EDDIE THE DRIVER SNAPS AROUND AT THE SOUND

EXT. LOS ANGELES-NIGHT

A sprawling web of intricate and overly complicated FREEWAYS, STREETS and ALLEYS, like some massive electronic circuitry. We move from our high vantage point down towards a westside neighbourhood--perhaps Venice--then cut into:

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

ANGELA BENET is seated before her desktop computer, tapping keys. She takes a sip of a canned martini, popping a pearl onion into her mouth from a near empty bottle.

Angela is intelligent, thorough, attractive, but uninterested in fashion or femininity-- her GLASSES are unstylish, her hair long, it tends to cover her face.

Her place is a cozy, orderly environment: dark wood, plants, Oriental rugs. There's an exercise bike; a desk with her snazzy COMPUTER SYSTEM and shelves of SOFTWARE; a real haven.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN--an AIRPLANE RESERVATION SERVICE: with a GRAPHIC of a cabin's SEATING CHART, a seat in back FLASHES. A DIALOG BOX: SINGLE WINDOW SEAT RESERVED-- 42A. CONFIRM?" YES AND NO options follow. Angela hits a key and YES flashes.

LATER-- HER MICROWAVE OVEN BEEPS, its digital display flashes "READY." Angela pulls out her dinner in its plastic tray.

LATER-- Angela's back at her computer, now on a COMPUTER CHAT LINE. TIFFANY THE CAT laps at the remains of her microwave meal.

ON SCREEN, MESSAGES appear, each prefaced by a NAME with a colon--

CYBERBOB: No one leaves the house anymore. No one has sex anymore.

ANGELA speaks to herself as she types--

ANGELA
This means the eventual death of our species, of course.

ON SCREEN, we see the words she typed prefaced by her own call name--ANGEL.

GANDOLF: sex is too risky masturbation rules

ICEMAN: watch the language Gand--cybercops are listening, you'll get TOSsed from the Net.

CYBERBOB: cybercops, techno weenies, hackers, Big Bad Wolf-- what big ears they have granma--protect thyself

GANDOLF: You're so BORRRINNG cyberbob--time to go before he continues, speak 2u all tomorrow

ANGEL: Not me Gandolf. Taking a vacation--just me, a beach and a book.

CYBERBOB: I'm there,{{{{{babe}}}}}, look no further. :-)

ANGEL: Not my type, Bob.

CYBERBOB: O yeah? What do U want in a man?

ON ANGELA, smiling as she types the following:

ANGELA
Rich, handsome, afraid of nothing, takes charge of any situation-- the James Bond type. He comes out of nowhere and sweeps me off my feet... then goes off to save the free world.

ON SCREEN

ICEMAN: That's me all over. And I put the seat down too.

GANDOLF: face it angel, yer dreamin :-(Yer one of us.

CYBERBOB: We accept U we accept U one of us one of us.

ANGELA pauses a moment, doesn't type.

ANGELA
Yeah, I know.

A beat, Angela reaches over and CLICK, the screen goes BLACK.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

X-CLOSE. RED LASER LIGHT illuminates a BAR CODE on a label.

CLOSE ON A SMALL L.E.D. SCREEN:

CANNED MARTINI, SINGLE SERVING
PEARL ONIONS, 6 OZ.
WEIGHT WATCHERS MICROWAVE LASAGNA, SINGLE SERVING
COPPERTONE SUNTAN LOTION, SPF 15
WHITMAN'S SAMPLER CANDIES, GIFT WRAPPED

The CASHIER finishes scanning the goods, a BAGGER WEARING A WALKMAN puts them away. Angela squints at the total on a digital readout, pulls out an ATM card, looking about as people crowd in behind her...it seems to make her uncomfortable.

Angela runs her card through the slot, at first it doesn't work, she tries it again, this time it works. She punches in her PIN.

CLOSE-- ON THE DISPLAY we see "HELLO, ANGELA BENET." It BEEPS.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

A large retirement home near the ocean. We hear a PIANO playing.

INT. NURSING HOME LOUNGE - DAY

A WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN OF ABOUT 60 PLAYS AN UPRIGHT PIANO in this modest lounge area-- other ELDERLY FOLKS move through the room on walkers, play cards, WATCH TV.

ON TV-- the HOME SHOPPING CHANNEL. We hear the HOST selling the CALLER a cheesy-looking velvet CIVIL WAR painting.

THE PIANIST is playing a Chopin nocturne -- but she repeats the same opening passage over and over, occasionally struggling to move on, but always returning to the beginning.

Angela moves to her side, looks down at her, smiling.

ANGELA
That's nice.

The pianist pauses, looks up with a vague smile.

PIANIST
You know it?

ANGELA
Of course. Chopin. You taught it to me...
(sitting beside her)
The next part goes like this--

Angela picks up the Nocturne where the woman left off. The Pianist concentrates hard, nodding to the music. Angela speaks as she plays.

ANGELA
I'm going away for a week, a trip to the Yucatan...

She stops playing, looks around, then pulls the box of candy from her purse.

ANGELA
Here, better hide these. I know you're not supposed to have 'em.

The woman grins as she takes the candy, stashing it under her sweater.

PIANIST
Ooh, these are my favorites... how did you know?

ANGELA
(ignoring this)
The place I'm staying doesn't have a phone, but I left the nurses a number where they can leave a message...

PIANIST
Mm-hmm. You-- you must be one of my students?

Angela is used to this, but it's still painful. She sets her jaw, takes the woman's hand.

ANGELA
No, Mom. I'm Angela. Your daughter.

MRS. BENET nods but doesn't seem to register what is being said. Angela sighs, gives her mother's hand a squeeze.

CLOSE-- on MRS. BENET'S WRIST is a NAME and a BAR CODE I.D. TAG.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATE DAY

A GRAFFITIED GARAGE DOOR slides OPEN. Angela drives down the alley in her late-model sedan. She enters the garage of her quiet, fenced-in retreat.

INT. ANGELA'S - LATE DAY

ANGELA is going over a checklist with JASMINE YONG, 13, a shy, gangly Asian kid.

ANGELA
Tiffany gets two cups of dry food a day, one in the morning, one at night, and one of these little pills with dinner...

While all this is very important to Angela, Jasmine is too busy with her Nintendo Game Boy to pay much attention.

CNN is on the TV in the B.G., HEADLINE NEWS is covering the latest sports scores. Even with Magic, the Lakers are dogs.

JASMINE
Uh-huh.

ANGELA
I coat the pills with butter, they go down easier. Let's see, what else? All the lights are on timers, so it's like someone's always here...

JASMINE
(not looking)
Uh-huh.

AN ELECTRONIC DOORCHIME. Jasmine continues playing as Angela goes to the front door (careful not to let the cat out).

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE as ANGELA SIGNS a COMPUTERIZED NOTEPAD with a stylus--her SIGNATURE APPEARS in electronic ink on a DISPLAY.

WIDER, we're in the yard of her pleasant BUNGALOW, a high WOODEN FENCE cuts it off from the street and the world beyond; the garden is small but beautifully tended, a lush retreat; The DELIVERY MAN gives Angela an EXPRESS ENVELOPE and takes his pad.

ANGELA
Thanks.

DELIVERY MAN
Have a nice day.

Jasmine's on her way out. Angela catches her, holds up a few bottles of plant formula on a covered outdoor shelf.

ANGELA
Don't forget the orchids, Jasmine, they need to be spritzed every other morning.

Angela hands her a set of keys, Jasmine doesn't even look up.

JASMINE
Spritz the orchids, right.

Angela smiles, shaking her head, and opens the front gate for Jasmine. After letting her out, she opens the express package curiously and examines--

CLOSE-- A THICK STACK OF XEROXED PAGES and a FLOPPY DISK for a personal computer. The disk is marked "GET IT TOGETHER!r BY DALE HESSMAN, PROP. SYSTEK SOFTWARE, B VERSION."

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DUSK

CLOSE as the disk is inserted in a PC's drive.

In the b.g. -- Headline News: a story on the SUICIDE death of Vince Bergstrom, the Speaker of the House. His face appears in a box over the shoulder of the NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER
--while Congress rapidly searches for a successor to the late Speaker of the House, Vince Bergstrom; the mystery surrounding his apparent suicide continues. For that report we go to Cheryl Tompkins, reporting live. Cheryl...

They cut to Cheryl Tompkins, looking wind blown and serious.

CHERYL
Inside sources report that Speaker Bergstrom was seemingly distraught over sudden personal financial problems and his recent diagnosis of the AIDS virus...

This report carries on as we see ON A COLOR COMPUTER, an attractive GRAPHIC LOGO "GET IT TOGETHER!r THE ULTIMATE PERSONAL ORGANIZER." We hear a SUAVE COMPUTER VOICE:

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to the ultimate personal organizer...

ANGELA
Thanks, pal.

ANGELA sits at her desk before the screen, going through the xeroxed manual in her lap. She hits a few keys, moves a mouse-

ON SCREEN, ICONS for a CALENDAR, a SPREADSHEET, a PHONE LOG, etc. The COMPUTER VOICE IN BG identifies the different elements of this integrated software ALOUD as she CLICKS ON THEM.

ANGELA hits a button on a PHONE, we hear a DIALTONE on SPEAKER, then she hits a SPEED-DIAL button.

COMPUTER VOICE
Systek Software.

ANGELA
This is Benet, first name Angela, systems analyst, freelance, section 12.

COMPUTER VOICE
Identifying now. Please hold.
(after a beat)
You are confirmed. One moment please.

She's put on hold, during which she hears a brief COMMERCIAL for SYSTEK. A friendly, soothing voice extolls the virtues of SYSTEK. A company that provides PERSONAL software. FITNESS, FINANCE, DO IT YOURSELF stuff... "SOFTWARE FOR THE HOME," etc.

DALE (filter)
Dale here.

ANGELA
Hey--Dale. Angela.

INTERCUT WITH DALE'S OFFICE - DUSK

DALE HESSMAN, mid-30's, is in jeans and a T-shirt, he moves toward the door to his office, and CLOSES IT. He seems a little stressed, rubs his temple.

THROUGH HIS OFFICE WINDOW we see the main floor of a thriving high-tech company, casual decor, partitioned CUBICLES with computer TERMINALS.

DALE (filter)
(anxious)
So...what do you think?

ANGELA
Just got it. What's the problem?

As she speaks, Angela deftly RUNS PROGRAMS, expands WINDOWS, moves things around on screen.

DALE
Try opening the checkbook and phonebook at once, then hit control-I. It's supposed to copy names to the bill-paying log.

ANGELA does so -- her monitor SHIMMERS and GOES BLACK. A QUESTION MARK APPEARS in the center of the screen, starts to FLASH.

ANGELA
(after a beat)
Interesting result. That all it does?

DALE
(after a beat, softer)
No.

ANGELA
(smiles)
What is this, a test?

DALE
(long pause)
Is it possible to accidentally write a program that uncovers a worm?

ANGELA
You found a virus in the system?

DALE
I'm not sure what it is...but let me ask you...hypothetically, ...could someone design a worm that accesses everything.

ANGELA
(laughs)
Impossible. Most places change passwords every week, the walls have layered encryption and...
(a long beat)
Alright. There was a rumor--rumor mind you--about a virus that could apparently infiltrate a system, turn off the modem speaker, then dial a preprogrammed number.

DALE
(getting it)
So whoever's at the other end has complete access without breaking codes or knowing a single password.

ANGELA
Absolutely, you couldn't build a wall against them. Designed right, the worm would eventually hit every system.

DALE
And the entire network could be shot full of holes.

ANGELA
To put it mildly.

DALE
So how would you plug the leaks?

ANGELA
(with a sardonic laugh)
Without trapping the worm...you couldn't.

A beat, Angela considers the possibility for a fleeting moment, dismisses it.

ANGELA
Look, we're talking science fiction here Dale, there's no way it could happen...so what's the problem with the disk...?

Dale looks around the room.

DALE
(nervous)
Listen, I don't think I should discuss this right now--

ANGELA
What? Jerry on your back about a deadline?

DALE
No, it's--
(long beat)
I'd rather not go through it on the phone. I've got a meeting in L.A.late tomorrow, I could fly down tonight...

ANGELA
Wait, wait...I'm on a plane to Mexico tomorrow morning, it's my first vacation in years and I can't--

DALE
Angela, I need someone who knows this shit, inside out. I know... we've never met, but I feel like I can count on you.

This hits Angela. She takes a second--then:

ANGELA
Alright Dale, but--

DALE
Great, great, it won't take long, I promise. I'll see ya tomorrow, your place, 9 AM,--I'll be the one with the beard.

ANGELA
Okay. See you then.
(hangs up)
I'll be the one with the word "sucker" on my forehead.
(to her cat)
See-- another reason not to work in the corporate world.
Everything's so urgent.

ON TIFFANY the cat. She could care less.

EXT. FOGGY SKY - NIGHT

Out of that blackness a DARK FORM with FLASHING LIGHTS penetrates the fog for a moment, then disappears-- a fancy four-seater PRIVATE PLANE.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - EVENING

THE HEADS-UP DISPLAY, SUPERIMPOSED on the WINDSCREEN, shows a series of RECTANGLES lining up an INSTRUMENT LANDING, a SIMULACRUM of a nearby runway.

There's virtually NO VISIBILITY, the canopy is STREAKED WITH RAIN. Occasional FLASHES of distant LIGHTNING.

DALE HESSMAN is at the controls, wearing a headset. He's an experienced pilot, unfazed by the adverse conditions.

DALE
L.A. Tower, commencing final ILS approach on runway 34.

TOWER VOICE (filter)
Roger, runway clear.

THE INSTRUMENTS show a coordinated approach, the HEADS-UP DISPLAY has him steady in his path. HESSMAN hits controls to lower his landing gear, a HUM and THUNK.

TOWER VOICE (filter)
We should have you on radar by now, what is your bearing?

DALE
(puzzled)
Two-one-zero, less than a mile from the runway...

TOWER VOICE (filter)
Negative, no reading here, cannot make visual confirmation-- check your instruments--

DALE glances from the display to BANKS OF AVIONIC READ OUTS.

DALE
All normal--

THROUGH WINDSCREEN the plane SINKS BELOW THE FOG revealing-

A TREE-COVERED HILL.

DALE barely has time to SCREAM before HIS PLANE hits the tree canopy, BREAKS UP, becoming a ROARING FIREBALL hurtling through the trees... HOLD ON the flaming wreckage for a BEAT--

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angela is working at her computer, her cat sits in her lap. In the background we see her bags, packed and ready to go. The ubiquitous CNN plays on in b.g. with Bernard Shaw anchoring.

Through this report we watch Angela focusing on her work. Something is bothering her. She stares at the screen, at the pulsing QUESTION MARK.

SHAW
...turning to National news--Vice President Davis, on the final leg of a long tour promoting his Information Satellite, spoke to reporters in Dallas today...

This perks Angela's interest momentarily as the Vice President, a handsome, determined looking man, is shown on camera at a small news conference--behind him is a full poster of the NASA satellite...

VP DAVIS (ON TV)
Revolutionize...that was our key word during the election process, and revolutionize is what we continue to do: today, by freeing up the bonds of electronic circuitry and fiber optics, by turning the Information Superhighway...into an Information SuperFREEWAY...

ANGELA
...great, a freeway where no one knows how to drive...

The VP drones on in the background as Angela returns to her work, suddenly getting past the Question Mark to a flashing PROMPT.

She allows herself a slight smile then, taking a shot, punches in ANGELA BENET --

SUDDENLY THE SCREEN GOES BLANK...a beat and the Question Mark re-appears.

Frustrated, Angela looks at her watch, she has to go, reaches for the phone.

INT. SYSTEK OFFICES - DAY

JERRY ROSS puts on his phone headset, punches a button. In his early 40's, glasses, on his door is the sign: CHIEF OF OPERATIONS.

JERRY
I don't hear any mariachi music in the background.

ANGELA
I haven't left, I'm waiting for Dale.

JERRY
(suddenly solemn)
Dale?!...God, I'm sorry..you didn't hear?

ANGELA
What?

JERRY
Angela... His plane crashed last night.
(beat)
He didn't make it.

WE SEE ANGELA, listening, in total denial.

JERRY (v.o.)
Angela?

ANGELA
I can't believe it. I just spoke to him yesterday, he was flipped out about some program...some crazy idea...

JERRY
He was always flipped out about some program, you know what he was like...he loved dramatics.

ANGELA
(beat)
It's just so sudden...did he have any family?

JERRY
Wife, two young kids. One's the age of my Marny.

ANGELA
God, that's awful.

Beat. Awkward. Angela's stunned. What to say?

JERRY
Uh, listen, Angela, I don't mean to sound insensitive to all this, but with Dale gone, we're kinda in a crisis mode right now, and...

ANGELA
...we've been over this Jerry. I'm really not the office type, too many people to deal with.

JERRY
(smiles)
Well, think about it will you? The convention at the Kingdome's a few days after you get back. They're tying it in with that satellite thing of the Vice President's.
(beat)
The geniuses here dump a half million into promoting the new GIT program, but won't let me add manpower to make sure the damn thing works.

ANGELA
I'm starting to hear that mariachi music, Jerry.

JERRY
Alright, get outta here.

ANGELA
I'll talk to you when I get back.
(beat)
You know, I'd like to send something to Dale's wife and kids.

JERRY
Send it here, I'll make sure they get it.
(beat)
Kinda puts it all in perspective, doesn't it.

ANGELA
Yeah...sure does.

EXT. LAX LONG TERM PARKING LOT - DAY

A TICKET DISPENSER SPITS OUT a magnetic striped parking pass.

ANGELA gets her bags out of her trunk, she's parked directly under a location marker-- B4. She notes this, scribbling the number on her parking ticket.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Angela lets people by, only walks ahead when there's empty pockets. She hesitates at the escalator, backs off, gets bumped, pushed by PEDESTRIANS. She looks at the crowded escalator, staring, obviously under stress by the crowds around her...she closes her eyes.

A beat and she backs away, heading towards a wide EMPTY flight of stairs.

EXT. YUCATAN BEACH - DAY

HIGH ANGLE; A WAVE laps the shore of a "back to nature" resort, thatched huts on a pristine beachfront, lush vegetation everywhere.

ANOTHER ANGLE; ANGELA lies on a towel in a bathing suit and SHADES, a gossip magazine in her lap. She looks around at the peaceful landscape, sighs and puts the magazine aside-- she's completely bored.

CLOSE: she flips open her laptop and turns it ON with a BLEEP. The GIT disk is popped into the computer and in a matter of seconds she's back into it, oblivious to the beach waiter that stands nearby waiting to take an order.

Giving up, the Waiter moves to the next sunbather--JACK FISHER, dark haired, intense eyes, in his late 30's, handsome, with a bemused air. Jack seems to have had enough sun for the day and is packing up his things. He looks up at the waiter.

FISHER
Gibson, please.
(off the waiter's confused look)
It's a martini with an onion instead of an olive.

Angela stops her work, LOOKS UP, studying Jack, momentarily distracted from her work. Then, on impulse, to the waiter:

ANGELA
Make it two.

FISHER
I'll take mine up on the patio.

As the waiter leaves.

ANGELA
I didn't think anybody else drank those anymore.

FISHER
I'm hopelessly unfashionable.

Jack continues to throw the last of his things in a beach bag. Angela watches him, then returns to her work.

FISHER
Getting away from it all, huh.

Angela laughs, looks at what she's doing.

ANGELA
That was the idea.

FISHER
What are you working on?

ANGELA
It's kind of technical...

FISHER
Mm.

OK, signals clear, back off. Jack starts to walk away, then decides against it, stepping over to Angela, extending his hand.

FISHER
Jack Fisher.

ANGELA
Angela Benet.

Jack takes a deep breath, gazing around him.

FISHER
Y'know, this is one of the most gorgeous beaches in the world... perfect weather...

He looks at her computer...

FISHER
The only thing missing is a few blocks of source code.

Angela looks up again, smiles.

ANGELA
(matter of fact)
You're in computers.

FISHER
Who isn't? But right now I'm on vacation--you might try it sometime.

And he smiles. How can Angela resist.

EXT. BEACH PATIO - DAY - LATER

WITH THE BEACH WAITER approaching Jack and Angela, carrying a tray with a couple of Gibsons. Putting them down he picks up empty glasses--Jack and Angela, TIPSY, have been talking a while, enjoying each other's company.

ANGELA
(laughing)
I always wanted to be Snoopy.

FISHER
Snoopy?!

ANGELA
Snoopy. He's cool, he dances, plays music, and nothing ever gets to him. Nothing, no how. Everybody else has problems, but not that dog.
(beat)
Oh yeah, he also gets to fight the Red Baron. So there. If I could be anybody, that's who I'd be. Now...

ANGELA (CONT.)
(suggestively)
I showed you mine, you gotta show me yours.

Jack smiles, a beat, then sheepishly...

FISHER
OK. Do you know the movie "Breakfast at Tiffany's"?

ANGELA
Are you kidding...I rented it so often they gave me a copy.

FISHER
(starts swooning)
Mooon riverrr.

Angela joins in.

ANGELA/FISHER
Wiider than a miiille.

They both break up laughing at their bad singing. Beat.

FISHER
Well, I'm the cat from Breakfast at Tiffany's.

ANGELA
(she laughs)
The cat?

FISHER
(mock defensive)
Yeah, the cat. He's my favorite character. My favorite part?... ...the end. It's raining,...the cat's in an alleyway, soaked, afraid, cowering...abandoned ...alone.

We see Angela. She feels what he's saying, understands.

ANGELA
(finishing for him)
...then they come and rescue me..I mean the cat...they hold him, like they're his mother...and father. Safe, out of the rain...

A beat, they're quiet. Angela looks down, lost in her own moment, something painful. Jack looks up smiles at Angela.

FISHER
Would you like to have dinner with me?

ON ANGELA, fascinated by this man.

ANGELA
(beat)
Uh, thanks, but I really gotta pack, I've got an early flight tomorrow...

FISHER
(one last try)
Sure you want to spend your last night folding clothes?

INT. ANGELA'S HUT - EVENING

CLOTHES strewn all over the bed. Angela's settled on a light, sexy dress for dinner, checking herself in the mirror.

BEFORE A MIRROR, Angela's pulled her hair back, has make up on, she puts in CONTACT LENSES, blinking. It's the first time she's really exposed her face. She looks great!

Realizing she's late, she grabs her purse and sweeps her passport, credit cards, traveler's checks, cash, and DALE's DISK off the bed into her purse.

INT. YUCATAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Angela enter, the place is packed. Angela has that "trapped" feeling again.

ANGELA
Ah, you know, maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

He takes her hand, but she remains in place by the door.

FISHER
(with a smile)
We're not eating in here. They have a patio, much more private than this.

Angela's relieved as they move to the outside.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - LATER

TWO GLASSES CLINK TOGETHER, a couple of Gibsons.

Well into their meal, Jack and Angela are one of the only customers on the patio overlooking the ocean.

ANGELA
No, it's not like claustrophobia, I just don't care to be around a lot of people. There's no such thing as crowds where I'm from.

A beat, Fisher is thinking, turns his ear to her.

FISHER
(guessing)
Colorado? Eastern--, southeast part of the state.

ANGELA
(smiling)
C-Springs.

FISHER
Your accent.
(smiling back)
That why you got into computers?
To get away from the masses?

ANGELA
Not really. Well...I don't know.
(beat, softer)
It's safe. I find it interesting.

FISHER
So what is it you do...?

ANGELA
Well, I get into people's
systems...

FISHER
Ahhh..a hacker.

ANGELA
(laughs)
Nothing so glamorous. I'm a...
troubleshooter. People send me
their programs, or give me access
to their systems, I find their
faults and fix them.

FISHER
What if there aren't any faults?

ANGELA
Oh, there always are...
(self-deprecating
laugh)
I guess it sounds kind of dull,
doesn't it?

FISHER
(a smile)
Not at all, it sounds fascinating.

Angela smiles back.

EXT. YUCATAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As the couple continue to talk, we move off slowly to reveal...A SMALL FIGURE-watching them from the shadows outside.

EXT. YUCATAN STREET - NIGHT-later

Jack pulls out a cigarette, lights it as he and Angela walk close together through this small, undiscovered fishing town on the coast.

ANGELA
I used to smoke those.

FISHER
You quit?
(she nods as he lights up)
No one takes any chances these days.

ANGELA
Hey, I take lots of risks. I don't always floss, sometimes I drive without my seatbelt, I always rip the tags off my pillows...

FISHER
What do you know, my kind of woman.

Angela smiles again, captivated by this charming man.

FISHER
Feeling adventurous?

ANGELA
What do you have in mind?

He offers his cigarette.

FISHER
Here, one drag won't kill you.

ANGELA
(laughs)
Maybe not.

He puts the cig to her lips, places his other hand on her back tentatively. She takes a PUFF, leaning into him slightly.

She EXHALES, watching the SMOKE DRIFT UPWARD...

Suddenly the small figure darts out of the shadows and--

SNATCHES HER PURSE ON THE RUN. She CRIES OUT--

FISHER
These fucking kids--...

Jack darts after the PURSE SNATCHER. Angela starts to follow, then stops, what's the use, they're long gone. She looks about, mutters a CURSE.

EXT. DARK ALLEYS - NIGHT

Jack pursues the pint-sized thief under a wire fence, into the back alleys. Well away from the street, the purse snatcher stops, out of breath, hiding behind a JUNKED CAR. Jack suddenly appears by his side!

The purse snatcher spins-- he's a prematurely wizened, wiry middle-aged MAN. Jack regards him without surprise as he hands over Angela's purse. Jack squats on the ground, opens the purse...dumping it out, going through the items.

CLOSE ON her ROOM KEY and crucial pieces of ID-- passport, driver's licence, credit cards, etc.

FISHER
Bingo--

The DISK.

PURSE SNATCHER
Bueno, todo esta aqui.

FISHER nods, POCKETS the Disk and replaces the rest of the contents.

A dark, parked car nearby STARTS, pulls up to the two of them slowly, lights off. He hands the purse to a WOMAN in the front seat. We get only the briefest glimpse of her in the DOME LIGHT-- long hair, Angela's color and style, obscures her face.

As the Purse Snatcher gets in the backseat of the car Fisher leans over to the driver, an almost FEATURELESS MAN, calm, menacing. He looks in the back seat, then to the Featureless Man, then with a nod he steps away from the car.

As Fisher walks away we hear PHHHT and see the figure in the back seat slump over. A beat later and the car pulls away.

Fisher stops a moment, mussing his hair, rubbing dirt on his clothes. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a POCKET KNIFE... he runs the blade across his hand--

--making a shallow but BLOODY GASH.

EXT. YUCATAN STREET - NIGHT

Fisher emerges, panting, SWEARING under his breath. Angela walking towards him.

FISHER
Sorry, he got away...

ANGELA
There've gotta be cops around here.

FISHER
Not that speak English. And honestly, they won't do a thing.

ANGELA
Shit, my passport, all my traveler's checks, credit cards, driver's license...
(noticing his hand)
Are you OK?

FISHER
It's nothing..what I get for trying to be a hero. There's a first aid kit on my boat.

ANGELA
Your boat?

EXT. DOCK/DINGHY - NIGHT

A small dinghy. Angela regards the tiny boat.

ANGELA
Nice...all yours?

FISHER
(smiles)
This is just the dinghy, the kit's on the boat.

He climbs in, picks up a flashlight, SHINES it toward a sleek MOTOR BOAT in the distance. Angela's impressed.

FISHER
It belongs to my company.

ANGELA
(impressed)
Hell of a perk.

FISHER
You need to report your stolen IDs. We'll use ship-to-shore to call up to Cancun...

Fisher reaches his uninjured hand out to help her climb in, but Angela hesitates for a moment, looking concerned.

FISHER
Hey, look, if you're not comfortable with this-- it's just, they don't have pay phones around here, in fact they don't have any phones at all.

ANGELA
I know, that was supposed to be part of the charm.

FISHER
Maybe it'd be better to take you back to the hotel...

Fisher nurses his bleeding hand, it's now made a stain on his shirt. Angela feels ridiculous for holding things up.

ANGELA
No, we have to do something about your hand.

She climbs in the boat and frees the line, while Fisher YANKS the cord for the OUTBOARD MOTOR, which SPUTTERS. Angela gently pushes him aside, taking the motor cord in two hands.

ANGELA
Let me do this.

She pulls the cord a couple of times, it STARTS and they move off.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

They tie the dinghy onto the back of the boat near the ladder-- the name, "FREEDOM." They climb aboard.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Fancy. Angela is finishing applying a bandage to Fisher's wound.

ANGELA
This was dumb of you. Gutsy, but dumb.

FISHER
That's me.

ANGELA
Well...I'd better call...

Fisher nods, moves to a ship-to-shore radio rig, turns it ON, plays with the dials-- nothing but STATIC.

FISHER
Shit, we need to head out to sea-- the nearest receiving station's around the coast, must be terrain interference.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

FISHER'S BOAT, RUNNING LIGHTS ON, is a good distance from the shore, trailing the DINGHY.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Angela's near the prow, enjoying the spray, the boat's running light's casting strange shadows.

A DOLPHIN breaks the water surface in a SPOTLIGHT, swimming alongside the boat.

ANGELA points and LAUGHS in wonder, gesturing for Fisher to look. At the helm, Fisher smiles and nods.

FISHER
You see some amazing things out here...I'm going to try again.

ANGELA
No rush...

Fisher heads into the cabin. Angela inhales deeply, looking up at a SKY FILLED WITH STARS...

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Fisher turns UP THE STATIC on the radio, then unlocks a drawer with a small key, removes an AUTOMATIC HANDGUN with a silencer, which he slips into his jacket pocket. He then KILLS THE ENGINE. Keys in hand, he removes Dale's DISK from his pocket, and throws them both in the drawer.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Fisher moves toward Angela, hand in his pocket.

ANGELA
Are we out far enough?

FISHER
Mm-hmm.

Angela turns to him -- a long beat of intense eye contact, each has different feelings about this moment. As Fisher is about to make a move, Angela puts her arms around him. She whispers in his ear:

ANGELA
Tonight's been so out of control-

She kisses his neck.

ON FISHER, surprised, returning the embrace. An almost amused expression passes over his face, then he kisses her.

WIDER SHOT, the two kissing passionately on the DRIFTING BOAT, lit against the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOONLIGHT on the water.

They lie side by side on cushions, beneath a canvas tarp pulled over their bodies.

ANGELA
I never do this...

FISHER
I thought you took risks?

ANGELA
(a smile)
Maybe once...not anymore...not since....

FISHER
...old boyfriend?

ANGELA
(laughs)
Actually, my Doctor...my shrink of all people...we saw each other for a few months, then...you know the story, I thought I was lonely--he forgot he was married.

ANGELA (CONT.)
(beat)
Mom was diagnosed with Korsakov's around the same time...I feel like it was my fault, dragging her to L.A. with me.
(beat)
I'm sorry, I'm rambling. I guess I'm nervous.

Fisher just smiles at her as if he understands, sympathizes.

FISHER
Nothing to be nervous about. You want a drink?

ANGELA
That would be nice.

Fisher rises, moves for the cabin. Angela watches him leave. It's getting cold now, and she starts to pull on clothes.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Fisher has put on a robe, pours two glasses of wine, angry at himself for having let it get this far. He downs one of the glasses.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Angela shivers, opens a deck cabinet and pulls out a yellow rain slicker. She puts this on, looking around for something, spots Fisher's jacket nearby and moves to it. She reaches into an inside pocket of the jacket and pulls out--

--A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A LIGHTER. She LIGHTS a cigarette, then picks up the jacket to hang it neatly... she notices its weight as she does this. Curious, she reaches into a side pocket and finds THE GUN. Angela holds this in her hand.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Fisher refills his glass, picks up both glasses, heads to the deck.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Angela sits, smoking a cigarette, as Fisher emerges. He starts to hand her a glass, then notices the gun in her lap.

ANGELA
What's this for?

FISHER
Shark fishing. Careful...

ANGELA
That's a silencer, isn't it?

Fisher puts down the glasses, casually reaches for the gun, Angela puts her hand on it, holding it.

FISHER
Yes it is.

Fisher smiles. Slowly, Angela takes her hand off the gun. Fisher picks it up, takes a short step back.

ANGELA
(nervous laugh)
What are you, James Bond?

FISHER
That's what you wanted, wasn't it?
(mocking her)
Rich, handsome, takes charge of any situation, comes out of nowhere and sweeps you off your feet...

It takes a second before Angela realizes he's quoting her bulletin board entry.

FISHER (Cont'd)
...who now has to go off to save the free world.

Angela's eyes are wide as he raises the gun to her head.

ANGELA
Jesus, no--

He pulls the trigger a couple of times-- CLICK, CLICK. Fisher looks at the gun in his hand.

FISHER
Where's the clip?

She's nearly paralyzed with FEAR. Angela holds up the CLIP. As Fisher dives at it, she throws it overboard.

Jumping to her feet, Angela SCRAMBLES backward across the deck, afraid to take her eyes off of him, still holding the cigarette in her hand.

ANGELA
What is this!? Why... why me?!

As he lunges to get his hands around her throat, Angela DRIVES THE BURNING END OF THE CIGARETTE INTO HIS EYE.

Fisher SCREAMS and lets go, she squirms away, picks up a GRAPPLING HOOK and CRACKS him across the back of the head with it. He goes down hard, BANGS his head against the railing.

Angela HITS HIM a few more times, half-crazed. Fisher lies very still on the deck of the boat. She throws down her weapon and moves back to his clothes, searching through the trouser pockets in a hurry.

She comes up with a POCKET KNIFE, which she throws overboard, and a WALLET, which she holds onto as she dashes into the cabin.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Angela frantically spins the dial of the ship-to-shore rig.

ANGELA
Can anyone hear me? Mayday, emergency, help, please...

She FLIPS SWITCHES, nothing but STATIC. Damn. She goes quickly through the wallet under the cabin's LIGHT--

CLOSE on the wallet's contents-- a thick stack of $100 BILLS, some MEXICAN CURRENCY, a DRIVER'S LICENSE and CREDIT CARDS in the name "Jack Fisher."

ANGELA shoves the wallet in the pocket of the rain slicker. She moves to the helm, no keys.

PULLING OUT drawers, emptying them, frenzied. A final drawer pulled open...there! Not only the KEYS but Dale's DISK!

POCKETING the Disk, she returns to the helm and STARTS THE *MOTOR*.

Angela has no idea what she's doing. She looks nervously at DEPTH GAUGES which she doesn't know how to read, then back over her shoulder. She can't see Fisher from here, has no way of knowing whether he's still out.

Angela tries to get the boat into gear -- an AWFUL RATCHETING of GEARS but the thing won't move in either direction. Suddenly, it stops, dead.

ANGELA
Shit, shit!

Angela scrambles out of the CABIN, tossing the keys to the boat in the ocean--

EXT. BOAT DECK AND OCEAN - NIGHT

--and moves for the aft deck. She looks around, but there's NO SIGN OF FISHER. She stumbles and CRIES OUT, but she's only tripped over a line.

Desperate to get out of there, she moves for the ladder at the back of the boat and climbs down, jumping onto the DINGHY. She frees the line, shoves off and begins YANKING the cord for the OUTBOARD MOTOR. It SPUTTERS repeatedly, but refuses to catch.

WITH A CRY, ANGELA PULLS THE CORD as hard as she can-- the motor STARTS just as FISHER'S HANDS reach over the side of the dinghy!

She picks up an OAR and WHACKS his hand as he tries to climb aboard, then she grabs the engine handle and--

--the boat SPINS IN THE WATER--the MOTOR BLADE coming right at Fisher. He SHRIEKS and DISAPPEARS beneath the surface.

WIDE, ANGELA ROARS toward land, leaving the stranded boat behind.

She looks behind her -- no sign of Fisher -- she TURNS -- CRUNCH! -- she's hit a reef -- a sudden GRINDING NOISE and she PITCHES FORWARD -- KNOCKING herself to the bottom of the boat hard.

Woozy, blood streaming down her face, she tries to get up; using all her energy, all her strength, pushing over the side of the boat -- she drops, waist deep in water --struggling, fighting agains the tide, she moves towards shore -- finally pulling herself up on the beach -- she falls -- struggling to get up -- she hits the sand -- out cold....BLACK.

INT. YUCATAN HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

BRIGHT, WHITE -- as the camera slowly IRISES, we see a mottled ceiling, paint peeling off. The camera arcs down to reveal a hospital room with a number of beds, OTHER PATIENTS, all of them dark skinned MAYANS.

Angela stirs awake in a small bed, looking weak and pale. Her face has some healed SCRATCHES, there's a white bandage on her head-- her hair's been cut very SHORT, it changes her appearance considerably. She looks around--

Angela tries to speak, her voice is a HOARSE WHISPER, barely audible:

ANGELA
Hello...

A NUN, tending to a patient nearby, seeing that Angela is awake, hurries to her side, says a few SOOTHING WORDS IN SPANISH.

ANGELA
Where am I? How did I get here?

NUN
No hablo Ingles...

Angela runs a hand through her hair and freezes, shocked that most of it's gone.

ANGELA
My hair! You cut off my hair?

The nun makes a gesture, A MEXICAN DOCTOR comes over, speaking in ACCENTED ENGLISH.

MEXICAN DOCTOR
It was infested with parasites--

ANGELA
How long have I been here?

MEXICAN DOCTOR
Three days. You had severe amoebic dysentery, a bacterial throat infection-- try not to talk too much. Oh, we found a man's identification on you, we tried to contact him--

The Doctor holds up the wallet on the bedside table. Angela grabs it.

ANGELA
Oh my God--

MEXICAN DOCTOR
But no luck.

It hits her!

ANGELA
There was a disk...a computer disk...did you find it?

MEXICAN DOCTOR
Ah...yes. There.

He points to the bedside table. Angela props herself up and turns to see: The Disk--warped and melted from the sun.

MEXICAN DOCTOR
(half apologetic)
It is very hot in the sun...What is your name?

Angela picks up the disk, looks at it, dejected.

ANGELA
Angela Benet-- I'm staying at the Playa Tulum resort, all my IDs were stolen--

MEXICAN DOCTOR
Now just relax and get well. A few days and you should be...

ANGELA
No. No! I have to get out of here, now. Look, how much do I owe you?

As Angela pulls money out of Fisher's wallet...out falls a SMALL CARD...she picks it up.

ON THE CARD--carefully typed out -- SHADOW at the top, the words BUFFALO, APPLECART and PICCOLO and a cryptic list of drtll@wsh.vg, nlsomc@wkl.fm and id$chg@wrld-az.nw.

Puzzled, Angela pockets it.

EXT. RESORT CENTER - DAY

Angela heads into this large, deliberately rustic building amidst the huts and palm trees near the beach. She now wears white trousers, a T-shirt and sneakers, cheap stuff, hastily bought.

INT. RESORT CENTER - DAY

A DESK CLERK stares at a computer screen, shakes his head.

DESK CLERK
Angela Benet checkout last Saturday night...

ANGELA
No-- I'm Angela Benet.

DESK CLERK
She pay with credit card...
(he refers to a computer)
It say so right...

ANGELA
Great. Where are my things?

DESK CLERK
(flummoxed)
She-- you-- some lady took with her when she left.

INT. YUCATAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Angela sits opposite a friendly Mexican TOURIST OFFICIAL in a small police station. He studies Fisher's IDs, hands them to her.

TOURIST OFFICIAL
The police checked, these are false IDs, no record of him, and according to our coast guard, no stranded boats have been sighted off the coast in at least a month...

ANGELA
He must have freed it...

TOURIST OFFICIAL
You don't know this man's real name--or anything else about him--why he would want to hurt you?

ANGELA
No. I hardly knew him. Can't you circulate a copy of his picture or something?

TOURIST OFFICIAL
We can do that...but to tell you the truth, I don't think it will do much good.

ANGELA
Look, I'd just like to get home.

TOURIST OFFICIAL
Fine. We just need to clear up this confusion over your passport.

The official rises, getting a fingerprint pad and form.

TOURIST OFFICIAL
We'll fax your fingerprints to your embassy in Mexico City, they can issue a temporary visa, have you home in no time.

CLOSE, as the official presses ANGELA'S THUMB onto the INK PAD, then onto the FORM. HOLD ON the BLACK SPOT. Then, the man's HAND SNATCHES THE FORM AWAY.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The FORM with the thumbprint is fed into a FAX MACHINE.

AN ENLARGED IMAGE OF THE PRINT scans upward on a COMPUTER SCREEN.

Countless THUMBPRINTS FLASH PAST on ANOTHER SCREEN. ONE FREEZES ON SCREEN, a GRAPHIC of a California DRIVER'S LICENSE appears ON SCREEN nearby. MOVE IN, we can't read the license, but we see a HIGH-CONTRAST monochrome image of ANGELA'S FACE.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREET - DAY

A BROKEN DOWN CAB cruises down the CROWDED STREET. The Cab pulls up in front of the U.S. Embassy. There is a small line up of Mexicans waiting to get in. Angela gets out of the Cab, sees the crowd and makes a wide path around them.

INT. EMBASSY OFFICES - DAY

A few desks and FLAGS, not much activity. Angela waits patiently in the hallway.

Angela reaches to a phone and punches in a number. A SECRETARY walking by shoots a glance at her.

ANGELA
It's OK, I'm using my calling card number.

The secretary moves on. Angela gets a FILTERED RINGING -- then an annoying BUZZ.

COMPUTER VOICE
(filtered)
Please dial your card number again now. The card number you have dialed is not valid.

She frustratedly punches in the number more slowly and carefully this time.

COMPUTER VOICE
(filtered)
The card number you have dialed is not valid. Please hang up and dial again.

ANGELA
(resigning)
Great...

IN BG, an EMBASSY WORKER comes out of an office with a clipboard, he looks around the lobby.

The worker approaches Angela tentatively, craning his head to get a better look at her.

EMBASSY WORKER
Ruth Marx?
(gets no response)
Excuse me, you Ruth Marx?

ANGELA
(glancing at him)
Nope.

EMBASSY WORKER
You aren't the woman who's here about a temporary visa?

ANGELA
(nods)
Yes, but my name's Angela Benet.

The Embassy Worker indicates the paperwork on his clipboard.

EMBASSY WORKER
You were fingerprinted in Felipe Carrillo Puerto--

ANGELA
That's right.

EMBASSY WORKER
(looking at form)
Social security number... 081-94-8475?

ANGELA
Yes...

EMBASSY WORKER
Well, then according to the SSN and the California DMV, you're Ruth Marx.

INT. EMBASSY OFFICE - DAY

The Embassy Worker sits behind his desk, shuffling through some papers, doing his best to be patient. Angela paces before him.

EMBASSY WORKER
I just need a signature, then we can process--

ANGELA
I am not this Ruth Marx person!

EMBASSY WORKER
Well, I suppose it's possible there's been some sort of computer error-

ANGELA
No, computers don't make errors like this. Someone stole my purse, robbed my hotel room, they're travelling under my name-

EMBASSY WORKER
Well, we're not really in the business of criminal investigations here...

ANGELA
(beat)
So the only way I'm going to get home is with a temporary visa?

EMBASSY WORKER
The only legal way, yes.

ANGELA
And the only way you'll give me one is under the name Ruth Marx.

EMBASSY WORKER
That is the name that came up on the computer. But now that you're telling me you're not... I don't know what I can do--

ANGELA
Fine. I forgot, OK, I'm Ruth Marx.

She sits, snatching the forms from him.

ANGELA
M-A-R-X?

He nods, with an aggrieved expression. Angela hesitates, then plunges ahead.

CLOSE, as Angela signs the name "Ruth Marx."

EXT. LAX LONG TERM PARKING LOT - DAY

A PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD. PAN DOWN to the sea of cars. Angela, still wearing the same tacky clothes, stands in the middle of the parking lot. She looks from the B4 location marker to the space where her car was.

A STATION WAGON covered with TRAVEL BUMPER STICKERS is parked there now.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOME - LATE DAY

A "FOR SALE" sign on the front gate, a REALTOR'S NAME--CENTURY 21 and OPEN HOUSE! Angela gets out of a TAXI, reacting to this with disbelief; she tears the thing down.

INSIDE THE FENCE, the GARDEN has been trimmed way back. Angela looks around, freaked, hurries to the front door--which is OPEN.

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM -LATE DAY

Totally EMPTY. Faded carpet where her furniture was, marks on the walls where paintings had been hung. Her footsteps and voice ECHO in this hollow space.

ANGELA
Oh my God...

VOICE (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Angela jumps out of her skin. She turns around to see A MALE REALTOR, too much tan, tie, jacketless, a smile fixed on his face.

ANGELA
Who are you?

REALTOR
(extending his hand)
Bob Malone. Century 21. Let me show you around.

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The place is a buzz of activity. The Realtor talks with COP #1. COP #2 is talking with Jasmine, Angela, and a middle aged woman: MRS. YONG, Jasmine's mother.

Angela looks pretty grungy by now, after all the travel, without a change of clothes or a shower. Her voice is HUSKY. Her hair is short. Her skin is sunburnt.

MRS. YONG
Jas said you moved.

ANGELA
(to Jasmine)
How did you get an idea like that?

MRS. YONG
There was a moving truck, realtors...

REALTOR
(to Cop #1)
She's not the woman I've been dealing with.

ANGELA
(over him)
And I've never seen this man before in my life. I've been in Mexico a week and...

REALTOR
Excuse me, but we're Century 21. The deed, the mortgage, all the records checked out or we wouldn't have taken her as a client.

COP #1
(to Angela)
How did you manage to get back in the country without a visa?

ANGELA
They gave me a visa. But, it's under a different name...

COP #1
Why's that?

ANGELA
They think I'm not me.

The cop extends his hand. Angela pulls out the VISA and gives it to him reluctantly. He studies it.

A high pitched noise - TTTRRINNNG

MRS. YONG
What's that?

It's a cellular phone. The Realtor pops the tiny phone out of his pocket.

REALTOR
(proud)
Cell phone. Can't be in the game without it. Put your number on call forward, they find you anywhere....hello.

As he starts into his conversation, the cop looks to Angela.

COP #1
This your signature.

Angela looks at it.

ANGELA
Yes...no! They made me sign that name.

The Cop eyes her suspiciously.

COP #1
You know it's a Federal offense using someone else's visa.

ANGELA
And I guess it's a slap on the wrist for stealing everything out of a person's house.

The Cop doesn't appreciate Angela's humor.

COP #1
Yo, Mike--you wanna run this?

COP #2 approaches and takes the visa.

COP #2
Be right back.
(exits)

ANGELA
It won't mean anything. They've managed to screw with my records, my fingerprints--

COP #1
Who's they?

ANGELA
I don't know!

Something catches Angela's attention. She looks out the window.

ANGELA'S POV:

THE POLICE CAR -- INSIDE COP #2 sits and types at a COMPUTER SCREEN between the front seats, nodding at something he reads, writing down notes on his pad.

Angela looks away, just as a BLACK CAR cruises past and stops across the street.

INT. BLACK CAR -LATE DAY

We hear VOICES. CLOSE ON - A dial on an ED-11 digital receiver as it is turned up slightly.

COP #1 (o.s.-filtered)
Are you sure this isn't the woman who hired you?

JASMINE (o.s.-filtered)
Well, at first -- she looks kinda like her, y'know, but--

ANGELA (o.s.-filtered)
Jasmine...I went over everything with you, the pills for Tiffany...the orchids...

We realize we're listening to the inside of Angela's house! A HAND reaches across and punches a speed dial button on a cellular phone and picks it up.

VOICE
She's there...no, too many people...

We detect an irritation.

VOICE
Let me handle it my way...she's my mistake...I promised you Bergstrom didn't I?

As he hangs up the phone he turns towards the house and we now see in the light, it's JACK FISHER!

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

COP #1
(to Angela)
Someone's gotta be able to corroborate this--where did you say you were from?

ANGELA
Colorado...but I haven't been there for years...lost track of everyone.

COP #1
There's no one?

ANGELA
My mother, but she won't be much help...there's my therapist-- my ex-therapist...

COP #1 raises an eyebrow at this. Angela hoists the cat she's been petting.

ANGELA
This is clearly my cat.

The realtor continues to chat on his phone.

REALTOR
Hang on a minute, let me get my notes...I'll be right back.

As he puts the phone down and goes to his briefcase, Angela looks through the window again.

HER POV- The Cop in the car looks very serious. He's now talking on the radio, occasionally looking up at the house.

ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN, the name "RUTH MARX," a HEAD SHOT OF ANGELA, a long ARREST RECORD, and the FLASHING words "OUTSTANDING WARRANTS."

Putting the radio down he gets out of his car, and as he heads back for the house, she sees him--

UNSNAP HIS HOLSTER.

She turns back to the others, putting the cat down.

ANGELA
Excuse me-- I'll be back in a minute.

Cop #1 looks thoroughly bored as she steps down the hall, enters her bathroom, closes the door.

COP #1
(turning to Jasmine)
Is she or isn't she?

Everyone starts talking at once.

JASMINE
I don't know--Ms. Benet had long hair and wore glasses--this lady has a different voice--I'm not sure.

MRS. YONG
Officer, we never really knew her, people here keep to themselves...

REALTOR
(still rummaging his briefcase)
Any chance I'm going to get out of here soon...I've got to work through an escrow with a client and...ah here it is.

Finding his file, he starts back to where he put his phone.

Cop #2 arrives at the door.

JASMINE
The cat seems to know her...

COP #2
Where's the girl?

COP #1
She's...

Gone. Just the cat sitting on the counter.

REALTOR
Hey...where the hell's my phone?

EXT. STREET - LATE DAY

Angela running wildly down a back alley.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME

Both Cops charge out into the street. No sign of Angela.

INT. BLACK CAR -LATE DAY

Jack sees this. Just shakes his head. He knows he'll catch her.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DUSK

CLOSE ON-the Realtor's cellular phone.

Angela huddles near one of those shopping cart shanty towns that erect themselves on the beach after night fall. Wary, keeping her head up, she punches some numbers. It rings.

COMPUTER VOICE
Systek Software.

ANGELA
This is Benet, first name Angela, systems analyst, freelance, section 12.

COMPUTER VOICE
Identifying now. Please hold.
(after a beat)
We're sorry. If you would like to speak with an operator, press zero or hang up and try again. You are not confirmed.

Damn. BEEP -- SHE PRESSES ZERO.

MALE RECEPTIONIST
(filter)
Systek Software.

ANGELA
Jerry Ross--please it's an...

MALE RECEPTIONIST
(filter)
Mr. Ross is no longer with the company--

A cold shiver streaks down her spine.

ANGELA
What do you mean...he can't be...

MALE RECEPTIONIST
Can I connect you to someone who can help you?

ANGELA
Listen to me, this is important, I need to speak with ah--, I don't know, anyone else in Operations--, or Security, the head of Systems Security?

MALE RECEPTIONIST
(filter)
He's not available at the moment, would you like to leave a message?

ANGELA
(wary)
God, uh--yes...it's Angela Benet-and...

MALE RECEPTIONIST
(filter)
I'll put you through to Ms. Benet...
(a few CLICKS)

ANGELA
What? No, I'm Ms. Benet-- Hello?

A long beat. The phone is picked up on the other end, but no one says anything.

ANGELA
Hello?

Then...

WOMAN'S VOICE (filter)
Hello, this is Angela Benet...

We haven't heard this voice before. Angela freezes, speechless, then reacts....

ANGELA
Who the hell is this?

There's a CLICK on the other end, a DIALTONE. Angela stares at the phone. She punches the number again...pushes 0 for operator.

ANGELA
Angela Benet please....
(beat, an answer)
I've talked to the police and they...

WOMAN'S VOICE (FILTER)
(beat)
No you haven't...give us the disk Angela, then you can have your life back.

Angela pulls the melted disk out of her pocket.

ANGELA
I can't, it's ruined, destroyed.

IMPOSTER (O.S.)
(slow, deliberate)
Just come on in, bring the disk and...

ANGELA
Come on in?...so you can kill me...?? The disk is ruined...what the hell do you people...

Angela stops, listens...she hears it, a clicking sound. Panicked, she quickly punches the end button.

INT. CAR-DUSK

A car gliding through the streets of L.A. Fisher's phone rings...he picks it up.

FISHER
(beat)
Uh huh. Predictable. You got the trace?...

We see him smile...

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK-DUSK

Angela, all the more wary, sits thinking. Then punches in a handful of numbers. It rings. Answers.

VOICE (O.S.)
(an answering machine)
Hi, you've reached Dr. Alan Weinberg, I can't get to the phone right now...

Angela frustrated. Now what?

INT. CAR-DUSK

We're over Fisher's shoulder, driving down the street, purposefully. He makes a turn.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DUSK

Angela continues to listen to the answering machine.

VOICE
...if you leave your name and number, I'll be happy to...
(the real Alan)
Hello, hello, I'm here...

ANGELA
(relieved)
Alan! Alan, it's...
(she hesitates)
...I'm in trouble, I need your help.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK-NIGHT-LATER

Parking lot. Empty. Movement, as a DARK CAR cruises slowly down the entrance ramp into the lot.

It stops in the middle, waits, then slowly turns and makes it's way out.

EXT. RAMPWAY - NIGHT

Angela, hiding, watching the car circle around, then start back towards her.

As the car creeps up the ramp, she steps out, but the car moves past her...and we see a YOUNG COUPLE snuggled in the front.

Angela turns disappointed...and is immediately blinded by headlights. She freezes, stares at the car.

ANGELA
Alan??

The driver's side window lowers, a beat, Angela starts to panic, turns to run.

VOICE
Angela?!

She stops. Looks back as DR. ALAN WEINBERG, an academic type, greying, warmly handsome, pokes his head out the window.

ANGELA
Alan, thank God.

She moves quickly towards the car, opening the rear door and jumping in.

ANGELA
Keep moving.

Angela lies down in the back. Alan, puzzled, takes a quick look back, then resumes driving.

ALAN
Angela? Jesus, what the hell is going on? I hardly recognized you-

ANGELA
Please, don't say that, Alan.

Alan keeps driving, looking in the rear view mirror.

ALAN
What's with all the secrecy? You sounded crazy on the...sorry, bad choice of words...are you OK?

ANGELA
I needed to make sure you weren't followed...
(beat)
Can you take me to a hotel room?

ALAN
Best offer I've had all day.

ANGELA
This isn't funny Alan....someone's trying to kill me.

On Alan's reaction we cut to:

INT DARK CAR - NIGHT

Fisher. The car is now stopped.

FISHER
You sure this is the number we traced....?

We move FORWARD to see we're in a Century 21 parking lot. Empty. A LONE SECURITY GUARD sits with his feet up in the darkened offices.

FISHER
...did you check extensions?
...home base transfer?...call
forward?...
(frustrated)
....shit! Well do it...
(beat)
...a cell phone! OK... no problem.
Get the number, don't dial it,
just put out a signal, find two
repeater cells that pick it up,
then give me the bisect, it'll
find her within a few hundred
yards...now!

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL - NIGHT

Alan and Angela walk down the peach and green hallway towards their room.

ANGELA
They ask you for a credit card?

Alan SNIFFLES, clearly suffering from a bad cold, reaches for a handkerchief in his pocket.

ALAN
Yes...of course...
(beat)
...don't worry, I paid cash up
front, like you said.

Angela looks about warily as they walk. Alan notices.

ALAN
C'mon Angela. Why? Why would
anybody do this to you, change
your name--

ANGELA
I'm not making this up, Alan.

ALAN
No, I know -- I mean, you might be
a genuine agoraphobe, but you were
never delusional.

ANGELA
Thanks.

Alan unlocks the front door, Angela hurries inside.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

They enter. It's spacious, two double beds, and a small balcony overlooking the ocean.

ANGELA
You don't have to stay, I'm sure that...*I'm sorry--I never knew her* name.

ALAN
Amy. We're separated -- about time, right?

ANGELA
I'm sorry to hear that...I am.

ALAN
Well, don't be. We both needed the closure.
(beat)
God, I never thought I'd hear from you again.

Angela moves towards the balcony, she looks out suspiciously.

ANGELA
I thought you'd be safe.

ALAN
Ah, so now I'm safe.

ANGELA
(explaining)
I figured they couldn't trace me to you. Your records are confidential and I've guessed you didn't tell anyone about our little...
(beat)
The truth?

ALAN
It's a start.

ANGELA
You were the only one I had to turn to.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

The DARK CAR cruises slowly down the strip where we had seen Angela. Suddenly it stops. A HOMELESS MAN pushes his overladen cart down the street chatting away on the Realtor's cellular phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The door opens, Alan enters laden down with a small SPORT BAG, a LAPTOP COMPUTER and a PAPER BAG. Angela sits by the window, hair wet, dressed in a hotel robe.

ALAN
OK, I've got my laptop, I brought a few of Amy's things for you to wear...and...

Alan puts the Laptop down and pulls a BOTTLE out of the bag.

ALAN
Brandy!

Angela looks up for the first time as Alan moves toward her, handing her a GLASS.

ALAN
It's kind of like camping isn't it...Brandy?

Angela nods, please. Alan pours a stiff shot. Sitting down, he pulls a vial out of his pocket and shakes the last pill into his hand.

ALAN
Antihistamine?

Angela smiles, shakes her head.

ALAN
I always could get a smile out of you.

Angela, solemn, just stares straight ahead.

ALAN
C'mon, admit it. We did have some fun, didn't we?

Angela looks away. Her eyes start to well. A beat.

ANGELA
This is a nightmare, Alan. It's like I'm not me anymore.

Alan takes a breath, walks over to her, kneeling beside her.

ALAN
(calmly)
OK, OK. So...tell me. Who do you feel you are?

ANGELA
God Alan, you're not listening.

ALAN
I've been listening. Someone stole your purse...

A beat she looks at him.

ANGELA
I didn't expect you to believe me.

ALAN
I believe you...

Alan stands, takes a step back from her.

ALAN
I believe you're still a very scared woman. That you're still having trouble facing the world, being in touch with people.

ANGELA
Ah, that explains why my house is empty, why someone's trying to kill me.

ALAN
You're exaggerating Angela.

ANGELA
(frustrated)
Exaggerating? Why would I do that?

ALAN
(beat)
Because you wanted to see me.

ANGELA
Oh c'mon.

Alan is pacing now.

ALAN
You've created a crisis, so you can rationalize your decision to see me as survival--rather than dependency...

ANGELA
Please, Alan, not now....do you always have to be so analytical?

ALAN
This is not going to just go away Angela. You'll have to face yourself sooner or later. We barely scratched the surface of your problem before...

He stops.

ANGELA
...before we started sleeping together?

ALAN
(awkward)
Listen, I'm not saying something isn't happening to you, but think...it doesn't make sense...you're just reaching out...

ANGELA
(angry)
Absolutely I'm reaching out...I'm reaching out for someone who knows me, who will listen to me, who will believe me...someone I trusted once...
(fights back tears)
I'm sorry, I thought that was you.

She gets up, starts to walk past Alan. Alan puts his arm out, stopping her, then slowly takes her in his arms.

ALAN
No Angela, I'm sorry. Sometimes it's easier for me to play Doctor then face...
(beat)
I've missed you.

Angela folds into his arms.

ANGELA
This is all so crazy, Alan. Why is this happening--I'm nobody, there's no reason--

Alan hugs her closer.

ANGELA
They knew...they knew everything about me, what I drank, movies I watched, where I came from, even the brand of cigarette I used to smoke...

ANGELA (CONT.)
(realizing)
God, they must have watched everything I did on the Net, my whole life was on there...they knew I could be vanished, they could take it all.
(beat)
I can't believe how cut off I've let myself become.

ALAN
It's OK. It's going to be OK.

ANGELA
I'm not so sure.

And we hold on these two figures by the fire. Then cut to:

EXT. LOS ANGELES- DAWN

The SUN cresting the horizon expectantly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

CLOSE ON ALAN--just waking up. His eyes slowly open to the sound of CLICKETY-CLICK, CLICK--CLICKETY---CLICK.

He rolls over to see an empty bed beside him. Over by the window, warm MORNING SUNLIGHT streams in across Angela--she sits, hunched over the LAPTOP computer, typing away. A telephone cord runs into the MODEM of the computer.

ALAN(O.S.)
I see you've started breakfast.

Angela looks up as Alan gets out of bed and moves toward her.

ANGELA
Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you.

ALAN
It's OK, I had to get up to answer the call to duty.

She smiles at him, then resumes her typing. Discarded beside her on the table is Dale's sun-warped disk.

ALAN
You've been busy, you've already burnt out one disk.

ANGELA
(still typing)
It was ruined in Mexico. I tried recovering what I could, but there's nothing left.

Alan looks over her shoulder: on THE SCREEN...there are a handful of phone numbers, many of them International.

ALAN
What's with all the numbers?

ANGELA
I'm afraid I'll be traced if I go on the Net. It's a trick I learned. First I hook your computer up to the local telephone switching center...

Alan watches interested.

ALAN
Any of this illegal...?

ANGELA
Absolutely.

ALAN
Thought so...just checking. Then what?

ANGELA
Then, I'll have the switching center make this phone number look like it's the...
(she refers to an open phone book)
...Santa Monica Police Department.

She types.

ALAN
So the bad guys trace the number and they get the cops, cuts out the middleman. Is that it?

ANGELA
Then I hook up to another modem I know...

ALAN
Now there's another modem...I'm jealous.

ANGELA
(smiles)
Then I have that modem make an international call to say...
(she types)
Switzerland...transfer that call through an E-Mail system on the Internet, and let the call come from there.

ALAN
You're so sexy when you're paranoid. So what's all this for?

ANGELA
(continuing to type)
There was a number on the Internet in Fisher's wallet. I'm hoping it will tell me something. I'm also going to put out some feelers to some friends on the Net that specialize in hacking...

ALAN
Isn't that dangerous...receiving information.

ANGELA
I'll encrypt the call. Friends on the net have the key.

A beat, Angela stops typing for a second. She turns to him.

ANGELA
Alan, would you do something for me...

ALAN
If it involves that other modem you know, I don't think so...

ANGELA
I need you to move my mother. Anywhere...but under another name. You're a Doctor, no one would question it...I'm afraid what these people might do.

ALAN
(beat)
I guess I could move her to the County Sanitarium, say she's needed for observation.

ANGELA
It would mean a lot to me. She's all I've got.

ALAN
This is really getting to you isn't it?
(she nods)
Listen, I know this guy over at the Federal Building, Ben Phillips, with the FBI. I'll give him a call, try and get some answers.

ANGELA
You trust him?

ALAN
Absolutely--I used to hold his head over the toilet at frat parties. He owes me.
(beat, smile)
Listen, I'm going to go home make myself presentable. Make a good first impression with your mother.

Beat, he starts away...

ANGELA
Alan...
(he stops)
...thanks...for everything.

They look at each other, there's a fleeting moment, then Angela returns to the computer. Alan watches her a beat then leaves.

LATER --

Half eaten toast, cold coffee.

ON THE COMPUTER: She's on the Nation wide Network--The INTERNET--diverted through Switzerland--a PROMPT appears--CALLING:

ON ANGELA looking at the scrap of paper from Fisher's wallet--

INSERT PAPER-- "SHADOW" at the top, the words BUFFALO, APPLECART and PICCOLO and a cryptic list of drtll@wsh.vg, nlsomc@wkl.fm and id$chg@wrld-az.nw

ANGELA types in drtll@wsh.vg--a beat then: ERROR comes up.

She tries nlsomc@wkl.fm --same thing-ERROR

Last try: id$chg@wrld-az.nw

ON SCREEN, the message "DIALING,"

Angela smiles, this is better.

A beat--then the screen lights up: the Name: CALVIN SCHUMAKER Underneath reads PLEASE LOG IN - PASSWORD:

Quickly she scribbles the name down on a piece of paper, she puts a question mark after it...Calvin Schumaker? --then taking a chance she types: SHADOW....a long beat...and:

PASSWORD INVALID comes up. A beat she tries: BUFFALO

Suddenly she's in. Angela WATCHES as a scramble of letters go by for a few seconds...then FREEZE. What we see is a note addressed to CALVIN SCHUMAKER -- but the body of the letter is encrypted--unintelligible.

But the sign off is not. As we see it on the screen--Angela reads:

ANGELA
The Gatekeepers?!

But SUDDENLY the screen goes BLACK...and:

A RED WARNING APPEARS-- "YOU ARE NOT AN AUTHORIZED USER! SEVERE PENALTIES AND CRIMINAL PROSECUTION MAY RESULT FROM FURTHER ATTEMPTS TO ENTER THIS MAILBOX!"

ANGELA quickly hits a couple of buttons to disconnect.

Snatching at the phone, she finds Alan's car phone number and DIALS....it rings.

VOICE
The subscriber on the L.A. cellular system you have called is unavailable...please try your call later.

ANGELA slams the phone down, a beat, then she's up moving quickly across the room, double locking the doors.

CUT: BACK TO ALAN'S COMPUTER SCREEN

ON SCREEN, she's on an open bulletin board now: AMERICA ONLINE from the opening: MESSAGE APPEARS under the heading, "BULLETIN BOARD--CYBERBOB: "HELP? ANY INFO ON GATEKEEPERS?--NEED YOUR EXPERTISE" "PLEASE!

Switching to a NEXIS search, Angela calls up "U.S. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS" and types "SEARCH: GATEKEEPERS"

A beat. She takes a bite of the cold toast. Then leans into the screen as we see an article from WIRED magazine come up.

The Headline. "THE GATEKEEPERS: CYBERCROOKS or TECHNO TERRORISTS?"

Angela fascinated, starts to read the article while we cut to:

INT. SMALL PHARMACY

Alan, SNIFFLING badly, his cold worse, stands at a pharmacy window.

PHARMACIST
Can I help you?

ALAN
Yes, I need this refilled...

He hands over the bottle, the man picks up a LASER PEN--

CLOSE, and slides it over the BARCODE on the prescription label.

ON HIS SCREEN, the name ALAN WEINBERG appears, and the listing, *"ONE REFILL AVAILABLE, AMPICILLIN 250mg."*

THE PHARMACIST looks at the screen nodding.

PHARMACIST

Be right back.

IN THE BACK, the Pharmacist goes to a shelf, takes down a large CONTAINER of pills and quickly measures out a new bottle's worth, slides them into the container.

A COMPUTER PRINTER spits out a new label, which the Pharmacist slaps on the bottle.

INT. HOTEL - LATE DAY

Angela looks tired but focused as she leans over the computer. The only light in the room comes from the eerie glow of the computer.

ON THE COMPUTER: We see the Heading "U.S. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS".

We see her type: SEARCHING: CALVIN SCHUMAKER.

Instantly snippets from Periodicals come up. As Angela scans, certain phrases stand out to us.

"SCHUMAKER: CONGRESS VOTES TO FILL BERGSTROM'S SHOES"

"Calvin Schumaker stepped in today after the mysterious death of Vincent Bergstrom. AIDS and financial problems cited as cause..."

"...whose new duties as Speaker of the House include governing over the House of Representatives and being in the wings should the Vice President be unable to fulfill his duties."

Angela stops scanning. We see the look on her face as we focus in on "VICE PRESIDENT".

INT. ALAN'S CAR - EVENING

Behind the wheel of his parked car, Alan struggles with the child proof cap of the prescription bottle. He finally gets the cap off, pulls a container of orange juice from a paper bag and washes down two of the pills with it.

Starting the car, he pulls out.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Angela sits at the computer. Paper sprawled out in front of her.

We SEE diagrams she's been drawing. A number of names are spread out on the paper.

Angela starts with FISHER--draws a line to her own name, then to DALE HESSMAN. She crosses out Dale's name. Then from FISHER again to SCHUMAKER to BERGSTROM--she crosses out Bergstrom's name. The line follows on to the VICE PRESIDENT.

Beside her name she puts RUTH MARX and a question mark. Beside Bergstrom she puts AIDS, another question mark. Another question mark next to the VP's name.

A beat she thinks. The question mark. She writes: the GIT PROGRAM in the middle of all this, and circles it.

Angela stops, reacting to something coming on the computer screen.

On screen - a new message: "OPEN LINES UNSAFE. I AM WAITING ON PRIVATE LINE-- CYBERBOB"

SECONDS LATER: A dialogue between Angela and Cyberbob, it looks similar to the chat line we saw earlier, but now there are no voices to go with the messages as they appear:

Angela uses no name: ARE GATEKEEPERS REAL?

CYBERBOB: WHAT'S REAL?

Angela: CYBERBOB, HELP ME. WHO ARE THE GATEKEEPERS?

CYBERBOB: THE BIG BAD WOLF

Angela frustrated, she moves on: WHAT DO THEY WANT?

CYBERBOB: DISORDER, CHAOS, CONTROL...EVERYTHING...NOT SAFE TO CONTINUE HERE, EXTREMELY DANGEROUS--MUST MEET IRL. IN PRIVATE.

ON ANGELA, she whispers aloud.

ANGELA
Must meet in real life...in private...
(a beat, then typing)
No. A public place...keep protected, keep moving...
(a beat, she thinks)
MacArthur Park. Subway. Back of the last car.

A beat.

CYBERBOB: AGREED. SEVEN PM TODAY. I'LL WEAR...

And the SYSTEM CRASHES, an annoying COMPUTER ERROR NOISE, a small icon of a BOMB WITH A FUSE, the words "SYSTEM ERROR." This holds for only a moment...and the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

A beat, Angela stares at the screen...

SUDDENLY the door flies open. Angela jumps back startled. It's Alan. Two large bags in each hand.

ANGELA
Alan, you scared the hell out of me.

ALAN
Sorry...here give me hand. I brought Chinese food.

Loads of it. Angela takes a bag from him as he closes the door.

ANGELA
Alan I don't have time for this...
(putting the food down)
I've got to get out of here.

Alan puts the other bag down, goes to her.

ALAN
Look. I know you're upset, but this is crazy, you can't keep running away.

ANGELA
I'm not. I've got to meet a friend from the Internet, I think he knows...

ALAN
Hold on, why don't we talk to the FBI. I got ahold of Ben Phillips, he said he's very interested in hearing your story...just wait until...

ANGELA
Alan--Cyberbob knows this stuff inside out. We wait, it might be too late...

ALAN
Cyberbob?? You're meeting someone named Cyberbob....have you ever even met this guy?

A long beat. She hasn't.

ANGELA
I trust him.

Alan realizes she's scared.

ALAN
OK, OK. But I don't want you going alone...I'll take you.

Angela smiles, welcomes the help.

INT. ALAN'S CAR- LATE DAY

Angela seems calmer. Alan seems somewhat uncomfortable. Warm. He loosens his tie.

ANGELA
Is my mother OK?

ALAN
She's at County. They'll make sure she's comfortable.

ANGELA
Thanks, I really appreciate it.
(beat)
You know, I've been trying to figure this thing out...do you know what a Digital Shadow is?

ALAN
Sure, it's...no.

ANGELA
Every time you use a credit card, your bank, subscribe to a magazine, make a donation...it's recorded, it's stored...it determines who we are...it's a shadow.

ALAN
OK, we have shadows...

ANGELA
Dale seemed to think someone got a worm under the walls, through the Internet. If they did, they could alter your shadow, change your information...rewrite your identity.

ALAN
Worms have shadows?

ANGELA
Computer talk. A virus...you know viruses.
(he nods, but not really)
Look, someone designs a program, puts it on the Internet. It's free and it's irresistible, so people pick it up. What that program really is, is a Trojan Horse.

ALAN
You're mixing your metaphors.

ANGELA
A Trojan Horse--because inside that program is a worm, a virus that replicates like crazy, attaching itself to everything. If it's designed right and given enough time, every system in the United States could be infected.

ALAN
Then everyone would have to wear little computer ribbons on their chest.

ANGELA
This is serious, Alan. Sometimes these worms carry what are called logic bombs--a bomb that at a certain time will shut down the system, literally destroy it, or make it do only one thing.

ANGELA (CONT.)
(beat)
I think they've done the opposite.

Alan is feeling rough, finding it hard to concentrate.

ALAN
I pride myself on my ignorance so you'll have to excuse me if I don't understand any of this.

ANGELA
They've designed a worm, not to shut the system down, but control it.

ALAN
Angela...this all started with you saying someone tried to kill you...now I'm sorry, but I still believe that...

ANGELA
They think I have Dale's program, and they've even put someone in my place at Systek to get rid of any traces there.

ALAN
Thank-you. That explains everything.

ANGELA
I know it sounds crazy, but they'd want someone in to set traps, over write programs, to make sure it won't happen again...it could take weeks. You can't do that from outside, someone would notice the power loss.

Alan's negotiating the hills away from the beach now. He seems to be getting dizzy, blinks, clutching the wheel of the car tighter.

ALAN
(out of breath)
This is all just conjecture...

ANGELA
OK, you want fact. Fact. A man tried to kill me. That man had a number, a number on the computer Internet that belongs to Calvin Schumaker.

ALAN
The new Speaker of the House.

ANGELA
Who happens to be next in line to the Vice President.
(resuming)
The old speaker commits suicide under mysterious circumstances. Financial troubles, AIDS virus...all verified by computer, just like a computer suddenly blurts out that I'm Ruth Marx. Then Dale dies in a plane crash after sending me a program that...

ALAN
I take back what I said about you not being delusionary...

ANGELA
Fine I'm delusionary...But I need to get to Systek, get back on that program again. I know I could...
(beat)
Are you alright....?

ON ALAN, a wave of nausea passes over him, beads of sweat on his forehead; his face is RED, mottled. He picks up the prescription bottle from the dashboard, squints at the label, reacts with a panicked expression.

ALAN
Oh Jesus--

POV, THROUGH WINDSHIELD-- Alan starts to drift across the yellow line, Angela has to yank the car out of the way of oncoming traffic, but overcompensates.

Angela SCREAMS as they smash through a barricade, crashing through the brush on the side of the road. Leaning over, she manages to shove Alan out of the way and get both feet on the brake, finally bringing them to a stop on the edge of an embankment.

The car rests for a moment, then the passenger side door swings open.

Angela climbs out of the wrecked car and RUSHES to the driver's side. Alan looks awful.

ANGELA
Alan! Oh god, Alan...

Angela slides Alan into the passenger seat, and climbs behind the wheel. She shoves the car into gear and backs out fast, freeing the car from the BARRICADE.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Angela driving quickly, TIRES SQUEALING, looking with concern at Alan, who's very weak, barely conscious.

ANGELA
I'll get you to the hospital.
You'll be OK.

ALAN
(in terror)
They gave me penicillin...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Angela pulls Alan's car into the emergency admitting area. She climbs out and dashes around to his side, shouting at some PARAMEDICS nearby.

ANGELA
Help me, please!

Two men approach, help Angela get Alan out of the car.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT

Angela speaks with a NURSE, while she fills out a form.

ANGELA
He's going to be alright, isn't he?

NURSE
They've pumped his stomach...you should be able to see him in a few minutes.

Angela fumbles in her pocket for something, pulls out the Pharmacy bottle.

ANGELA
Here--he said he took the wrong pills, he's allergic to penicillin.

A Doctor walks up to the desk. Leaving a file. The Nurse picks it up.

NURSE
I'll let them know.
(reading the file)
If you like, you can go see him now.

As Angela walks off, we hold on the Nurse who takes the Form then turns to a computer and begins typing.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN - We see a computerized version of the form, under the heading, "WEINBERG, ALAN." INSURANCE INFO and instantly a lengthy MEDICAL HISTORY follows his name.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

In bed now, ALAN stirs awake. He smiles at the sight of Angela's face, seated, waiting.

ANGELA
Hey...How you feeling?

Alan pats his stomach, shakes his head.

ANGELA
They pumped your stomach, you'll be fine.

ALAN
No, I meant--, I'm hungry.

ANGELA
(relieved by his humor)
I'll cook you the best microwave meal you ever had.

ALAN
How long they gonna keep me here?

ANGELA
Just another day.

ALAN
(with a grin)
Are you looking after me?

ANGELA
Do you mind?

ALAN
No, I'm starting to think I like it.

ANGELA
Look, you should get some sleep, I have to go. You sure you're OK?

ALAN
I'm fine. Are you sure you're OK?

ANGELA
(beat)
Yeah. I'm fine. I just want this to end.

Alan's feeling woozy, eyes starting to close. She turns to go.

ALAN
Hey, come here, I wanna tell you something.

She leans over, he gives her a light kiss on the cheek. She grins demurely.

ALAN
I've been wanting to do that ever since yesterday.

ANGELA
(with a smile)
Only yesterday?...
(as she gets up)
You still think I'm crazy, don't you.

ALAN
Of course I do. Always have.

As Angela turns and walks out, Alan watches after her, then slowly closes his eyes.

INT. METRO RAIL STATION - NIGHT

A TRAIN IS PULLING IN as Angela descends the steps. An end of the work day CROWD OF COMMUTERS stream out of the open doors and start towards Angela.

Fighting her way through the crowd, she begins to freeze up, until she's almost stationary. CHIMES RING, the doors are about to close. With a deep breath, she hurries for the last car -- She enters the car.

ANGLE ON LEAD CAR as the train starts to PULL OUT. THROUGH THE WINDOW in front we glimpse a bank of lights, a glowing MONITOR-- the train's ELECTRONIC CONTROL SYSTEM.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A MALE NURSE doing his rounds. The Nurse wears headphones and seems to be humming Beethoven's Ode To Joy.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

We hear the humming enter the room.

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER PRINT-OUT indicating patient names and drug dosages. The humming continues.

The Male Nurse checks this print-out, attached to a clipboard. He pushes a RACK OF IV SACKS in front of him, stops at a bed, double-checks the computer print-out against the name on the clipboard at the foot of the bed.

Then he swiftly, professionally hooks up one of the IV sacks, runs the tube into the patient's arm. CAMERA MOVES to reveal--
--ALAN, dead asleep. He stirs and MOANS a bit as the fluids begin dripping into his arm. The humming fades away.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

A half-dozen passengers, mostly Hispanic. Angela dutifully moves to the very last seat, settles down as the ride begins. She stares out at the LIGHTS of the tunnel flickering past.

A YOUNG MAN, intense-looking, carrying a frayed paperback, approaches, sits across from Angela. A long beat. Then:

YOUNG MAN
(confidentially)
None of it works, nothing is safe from them. The walls aren't real...

ANGELA
Cyberbob...?

YOUNG MAN
(continuing)
You see that box over there?

He points to a mysterious LOCKED BOX at the head of the car, above the door. Angela's confused.

YOUNG MAN
Do you know what it's for?
(she shakes her head)
Of course not. Nobody does. It could be anything, couldn't it? Microwave bombarder, maybe.

The Young Man takes off his cap-- there's ALUMINUM FOIL wrapped around his head beneath it.

YOUNG MAN
The foil helps, but...they're still way ahead of us.

ANGELA
Excuse me.

Realizing she's got the wrong guy, Angela stands to move away just as the train SLOWS TO A HALT. Some MUTTERING IN SPANISH from the other passengers. Angela peers out the window-- BLACKNESS, they're between stations.

Angela shifts uneasily. It's eerily SILENT in here. Suddenly, the CAR LIGHTS GO OUT, there's only the dim glow of TUNNEL LIGHTS, a few EMERGENCY LAMPS.

Then we hear a distant RUMBLE. She rises, peers out the back window of the train.

HER POV, THROUGH WINDOW-- a LIGHT in the distance, another train approaching.

Angela moves to the front of the car, tries to open the door to the next car, which doesn't respond. The other passengers wait patiently, looking at Angela. She peers through the window, sees only DARKNESS, realizes that--

THE CAR HAS BEEN DETACHED from the rest of the train. It rests alone on the tracks. RUMBLE of the approaching train LOUDER NOW.

ANGELA POUNDS on the WINDOWS of the train in a frenzied attempt to escape.

ANGELA
We have to get out of here!

The other passengers stare at her, a few talk in SPANISH, one OLD MAN says in accented English:

OLD MAN
Just wait-- it's OK--

ANGELA
No it's not.

Angela lunges toward a HANDYMAN, who shrinks away from her--

She grabs his METAL TOOL BOX and SLAMS IT against a window violently, repeatedly, SPIDER-WEBBING the safety glass.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH - NIGHT

The CONDUCTOR of the approaching train peers ahead with an increasingly worried look, as he makes out the dark shape on the tracks in the distance. He checks an ELECTRONIC DISPLAY-

ON DISPLAY: "TRACK CLEAR."

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The Handyman wrestles away his dented toolbox, CURSING her in Spanish. Angela throws herself at the damaged window, which gives through. She turns to the other passengers--

ANGELA
Come on, we have to get out!!
Vamanos!

They don't move from their seats. Angela gives up and forces her way through the hole she made in the glass.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH - NIGHT

The conductor double-checks his display--

CONDUCTOR
Shit!

THE CONDUCTOR hits arrays of SWITCHES, nothing happens, he rushes away from the front of the car, SHOUTING at passengers behind--

CONDUCTOR
Move back, now!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Angela has pushed halfway through the splintering glass, her face and arms scratched and bleeding. She's about to LEAP onto the next set of tracks when, from around the curve in the tunnel--

--ANOTHER TRAIN COMES ROARING BY, going in the other direction, inches from her face. Astonished passengers in the train stare at the SCREAMING woman. Then the train is gone.

ANGELA struggles out of the window, leaping down into the tunnel just as--

--THE ONCOMING TRAIN SLAMS INTO THE ABANDONED CAR, in a SHRIEK OF CRUNCHING METAL. Angela flattens herself on the ground between the rails of the adjacent tracks--

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The BACK OF THE CAR IS CRUMPLED, the SCREAMING passengers TOSSED ABOUT--

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

THE COLLISION takes the destroyed car down the tunnel behind Angela, the train gradually comes to a halt with a SCREECH.

ANGELA struggles to her feet and runs down the center of the track, back in the direction of the station she came from.

INT. METRO RAIL STATION - NIGHT

A FEW PEOPLE gathered at the edge of the platform, staring in the direction of the crash. They turn their attention to Angela as she leaps up, grabbing the platform's edge and pulling herself up.

They all toss AD LIB QUESTIONS at her at once ("You OK?" "What the hell happened?" etc.) but she ignores them, rushes for the stairs.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

ANGELA STARTS THE CAR and gets out of there fast, as EMERGENCY VEHICLES begin pulling up. She drives through CLOUDS OF SMOKE generated by the wreck, which BILLOW UP from street gratings.

We hold on her face as we see a sudden realization come-Alan!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An ORDERLY walking down the hall. A beat, he passes, the hall is empty, and we see Angela step out of a doorway and quickly cross over and open Alan's door--

HER POV: ALAN'S BED IS EMPTY

INT. NURSING STATION TWO - NIGHT

Angela confronting an evasive, overweight Male Nurse.

ANGELA
I need to know where you moved him. I need to know now. I've come to get him out of...to take him home.

MALE NURSE
I'm sorry I can't...

ANGELA
Of course you can...where the hell is he?

A MATRONLY NURSE comes over, puts her hand on the Male Nurse's arm.

MATRONLY NURSE
Let me handle this, Paul...it's OK.

As Paul walks away miffed, Matronly turns to Angela.

MATRONLY
(softly)
There were complications from diabetes, we had him on heavy insulin...

ANGELA
(wind knocked out of her)
...what are you....?

Angela tries to fight back tears.

MATRONLY
I'm very sorry...miss?

Beat.

ANGELA
He wasn't a diabetic...

MATRONLY
I'm afraid he was. It was on the computer.

Angela looks to the computer, a beat, then impulsively, instinctively she SWEEPS IT OFF the desktop. It SMASHES ON THE FLOOR with a small IMPLOSION.

As Angela storms off we hold a beat on the DEAD SCREEN of the computer.

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN EXIT - NIGHT

Angela, tears streaming down her face, strides towards the exit. Suddenly she freezes.

HER POV- IN CUTS

--TWO MEN, sports jackets, open collared, stand at the entrance. They seem to be waiting for something. They confer with each other.
--A small FLOWER SHOP--The CLERK runs a credit card--looks up at Angela--we see a Surveillance camera behind her head.
--A POLICEMAN standing down the hall, talking to a Doctor.
--A BUSINESSMAN, sitting in the waiting area, typing away on a laptop computer.

BACK WITH ANGELA--we see it in her eyes, the fear, the paranoia, she turns and runs down the hall blasting out the back door.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - DAWN

Angela, asleep. The first trickles of sunlight move over her face. Her eyes open slowly, adjusting to the day. Trying to shake off a bad nightmare, she takes in her surroundings, slowly realizing it's no dream.

Sitting up, she puts the keys in the ignition and starts the car.

EXT. ALAN'S MERCEDES - DAWN

We see Angela has parked in a Mercedes lot overnight, blending in: one of many, undetectable, undistinguishable. Slowly she pulls the car out of the lot.

INT. SANATORIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF HANDS

They are wrinkled and hooked from years of piano playing. A YOUNGER PAIR OF HANDS, gently massages the hooked hands until they are straightened out, rubbing in ointment.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Angela and her Mother. Angela talks while she massages her mother's hands. Mrs. Benet enjoys the therapy, but still has that lost gaze when she looks at Angela.

ANGELA
You know who I am, right? I mean deep down in there, you hear me, you know it's me, don't you?

No reaction.

ANGELA
Mom, please try to help me out here. I don't know who to talk to anymore.

No reaction.

ANGELA
Do me a favor -- just this once? Just look at me and say "Hi Angel..." like you used to.

Angela holds her Mother's hand, faces her.

MRS. BENET
(flatly)
Hi, Angel...

ANGELA
Don't you remember when you used to call me that? Before...before Daddy left?

Nothing. Mrs. Benet only looks up and smiles at a YOUNG NURSE at the door.

Angela finishes rubbing her mother's hands. She stands to leave but her mother reaches out to her.

Angela kneels, looks at her mother, overcome with the hope that her mother recognizes her. Then Mrs. Benet simply reaches for Angela's hands. She wants more massage.

ANGELA
Mom, I have to go away for awhile...to Seattle. There's something very important I have to do...I just want you to know...I...

Angela's mother is staring past her at the wall. A beat and Angela stands, kisses her lightly and walks out of the room.

EXT. I-5 - DAY/DUSK

Various shots/time changes as Alan's car moves out the city into open areas.

EXT. I-5 - NIGHT

The Mercedes passes a sign reading "Oregon State Line." The freeway's nearly empty now. The car weaves a bit in its lane.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Angela's blinking, struggling to stay awake. She starts to nod.

The CAR PHONE TRILLS, making her jump. She answers:

ANGELA
Hello?

FISHER (o.s.)
Angela...You're full of surprises.

Angela swerves, panicked.

FISHER
I thought I knew you, had you figured out, but you're quite the adversary.

ANGELA
You don't know me.

FISHER
I think I do. We're not so different you and I. Isolated, loners...untrusting...

ANGELA
(bluffing)
Look, I know what you're up to.
(taking a shot)
I know about Bergstrom and Schumaker, the Vice President...

FISHER (O.S.)
The Vice President?...You're fishing, Angela.

ANGELA
I know about the Gatekeepers...

A long silence. Angela realizes she's struck a nerve.

FISHER (o.s.)
What have you done with the disk?

ANGELA
I told...whoever she was, I don't have it, it's destroyed.

FISHER
Angela. Do yourself a favor, come in, with the disk...
(beat)
I'm afraid if you don't...I'll have to come to you, and you know I'll find you.
(CLICK)

IN BG, we see LIGHTS of ANOTHER CAR approaching. It SLOWS and PULLS UP BEHIND ANGELA, HEADLIGHTS distorted by the WATER on the back windshield.

SUDDENLY: RED AND BLUE LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLASH, there's the BLEEP of a SIREN. She bites her lip, hesitating. A VOICE COMES OVER A LOUDSPEAKER.

PA VOICE
Driver--, pull over and turn off your engine!

ANGELA HITS THE GAS--

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAWN

Angela FISHTAILS on the wet pavement, as the Troopers take off after her.

INT. STATE PATROL CAR - DAWN

Trooper #2 drives fast, catching up with Angela.

TROOPER #1
Officers in pursuit on I-5 North, suspect is driving a reported stolen Mercedes--License #--

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: we see the license plate of Alan's car and REPORTED STOLEN alongside it.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - DAWN

Angela looks behind her, ACCELERATING, not paying attention to the road. She looks forward, quickly turns the wheel. Her tires SLIDE, this time she loses it--

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAWN

--and the car SLIDES on the wet pavement, goes through a GUARDRAIL and ROLLS off the edge of an embankment.

THE POLICE CRUISER pulls to a stop at the roadside, BOTH TROOPERS pull their guns and scramble down to the smashed Merc.

AT THE STEAMING CAR, TROOPER #1 throws open the driver's side door, gun in one hand, TROOPER #2 shines a flashlight--

INT. ALAN'S CAR - DAWN

The seat empty, passenger door ajar... the FLASHLIGHT SHINES on the CRACKED WINDSHIELD-- there's BLOOD.

EXT. TRASH AND BRUSH - DAWN

Angela, head bleeding, limping slightly, makes her way through this no man's land along the interstate, her clothing RIPS on the thorny undergrowth, her feet SQUISH in the mud.

Angela takes a few deep breaths.

ANGELA
I'm not going to die... You want me to die, but I'm not going to... my name is Angela Benet, and I am not going to die...

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS nearby.

TROOPER #1
Freeze!

She staggers a few feet away as the COPS APPROACH, shakily raising her hands. They throw her down roughly in the mud and CUFF HER, while TROOPER #2 READS HER THE MIRANDA.

TROOPER #2
You have the right to remain silent, if you choose to give up the right to remain silent...

His VOICE FADES OUT as Angela loses consciousness--

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK...

TROOPER #1 (v.o.)
Sleeping beauty's awake.

THE BLACKNESS IS PIERCED BY A BRILLIANT WHITE BEAM.

INT. OREGON POLICE STATION - DAY

A MEDICAL PERSON leans over, shines a PENLIGHT in Angela's eye.

ANGELA
Please, no medical treatment--,

MEDICAL PERSON
You a Christian Scientist?

ANGELA
Just take me to jail.

TROOPER #2
You're <u>in</u> jail, lady.

MEDICAL PERSON
(to the cop)
If she doesn't want treatment, nothing I can do. It doesn't look like a serious concussion. If you want to just book her, I'll sign her out.

The trooper shrugs, Angela looks relieved.

INT. OREGON POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGELA is led through the rural station in handcuffs--CLOSE, as her FINGERPRINTS ARE TAKEN-- then ANGELA is PHOTOGRAPHED for mugshots, holding a NUMBER--CLOSE as the name RUTH MARX APPEARS, IN GREEN ON A MONITOR.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

ANGELA stares from behind the MESH of a HOLDING CELL, she now wears jail issued clothing, speaks in a weary monotone.

ANGELA
--they can get to anyone. The way they killed Alan.

PULL BACK, a female PUBLIC DEFENDER and her male ASSISTANT are trying to counsel her. The assistant holds a running VIDEO TAPE RECORDER.

PD
You mean Dr. Weinberg? The man whose car you allegedly stole? He died of diabetic complications.

ANGELA
Right. Look, they've planted someone in my place, working in Seattle--they're trying to kill me...

PD
Systek Software in Seattle does have an Angela Benet working there...

ANGELA
That's supposed to be me but it's someone else. Did you call Jerry Ross?

PD
(tiring)
Mr. Ross has been arrested for Corporate espionage. Seems they found top secret competitors files on his home computer.

Angela is shocked, begins to feel totally defeated.

PD
OK, so they changed your name, your friend's medical records, had a man put in jail, wrecked a subway, and crashed a plane.

Angela knows the PD is humoring her.

ANGELA
Look, you don't have to believe me, just remember what I'm telling you--they have a guy, Calvin Schumaker, he's now the Speaker of the House. They got rid of Vince Bergstrom and replaced him with Schumaker.
(beat)
Now they could be after the Vice President.

PD
(calmly)
So...it's a conspiracy. And who do you think is behind all this?

ANGELA
(sarcastically)
Who knows, the NSA, the Mafia, some nerd in his parent's basement-
(beat, serious)
There was a bunch of programmers from Silicon Valley, struck gold in the '80's when they were just kids...they called themselves the Gatekeepers..

PD
(bored with this)
And what would some video game designers...

ANGELA
These guys were brilliant, crazy...they tried to shut down the entire U.S. telephone system a few years back.

PD
For what purpose?

ANGELA
Who knows? They wanted to "redesign America." Someone caught on to them and they just disappeared...I think they're back.

ANGELA (CONT.)
(beat)
...look...I'm not one of these Kennedy nuts...this is really happening...

PD
I'm sure it is Ms. Marx but...

Enough bullshit. Angela's patience cracks.

ANGELA
(screaming)
It's Benet. B-E-N-E-T. I'm Angela Benet. Not Marx, Benet. I'm telling you the truth, goddammit. Someone has to believe me. Why would I make up a story like this...?

The PD SIGHS, losing patience with Angela.

PD
As your court appointed attorney I'm obligated to carry out your wishes. I'll call you Cleopatra if you want, but if you continue to deny your identity, you'll be found incompetent to stand trial, then they can hold you indefinitely.

Angela just shakes her head.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGELA stands at a payphone, under the eye of a FEMALE GUARD. Her PD sits in b.g.

ANGELA
(on phone)
Hi, yes, in room 301... This is her daughter...
(beat)
Mom, it's-- it's me. Are you okay? That new nurse treating you...this is Angela. Mom--? It's Angela... I need you to do something for me...you have to tell them it's me, okay? I'm going to put a lady on the phone and you tell her it's me, alright? No one believes me, so you tell 'em, can you do that? Mom? Don't--...Are you there?
(wipes her eyes; a beat)

ANGELA (CONT.)
I want you to know, I love you and... Hi, I was talking to my mother and... yeah, I know she didn't know who I was. It doesn't matter.

Angela hangs up. She struggles to contain her emotions, but begins CRYING in earnest, for the first time since this odyssey began. Angela's spirit is broken, there's no way out of this twisted world she's in.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Angela is asleep on a small cot when a MALE OFFICER RAPS on the bars. She jerks upright.

MALE OFFICER
Lady.

ANGELA
(stirs awake)
What?

INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK - DAY

A BUZZER sounds. A door swings open and two Officers firmly escort Angela into the front area. She's wearing Alan's wife's clothes again, now cleaned. Angela is nervous, on guard. The room is busy, crowded, noisy. A phone rings constantly.

ANGELA
I want to know who you're turning me over to!

The black female DESK SERGEANT looks up, hands Angela her few possessions, including Fisher's wallet and a few dollars.

DESK SERGEANT
Would somebody get the damn phone!
(to the escort Officer)
You can take Jane Doe to Room 3c.
(yelling)
Somebody answer the...shit.

She grabs it. The Officer has to almost pick Angela up to get her moving, she struggles to remain in place.

ANGELA
Who is he? You don't understand, somebody's trying to kill me. Who the hell posted my bail?

INT. ROOM 3C- DAY

We see a badge: SPECIAL AGENT BEN PHILLIPS, FBI.

PHILLIPS
Ben Phillips. FBI.
(she's confused)
Alan's friend. I was very sorry to hear what happened.

ANGELA
Me too. Thank God you're here.

We're in an interrogation room. BEN PHILLIPS is a tall good looking Black Man. He's dressed crisply in dark suit and simple tie. The seriousness of years of government training is evident.

PHILLIPS
Alan told me the whole story, the name change, everything. I've been waiting for you to surface. I'm just sorry it had to be under these circumstances.

ANGELA
So...now what?

PHILLIPS
First, let's get you someplace safe. We have a field office about 40 minutes from here.

The Officer gives him a form to sign her over. He scans it and signs.

ANGELA
Then what?

BEN
Does the name Jack Fisher ring a bell?

INT. AGENT PHILLIPS' CAR - DAY

He drives a plain sedan, your basic unmarked police car.

BEN
Five years we've been after these guys. And they're just playing with us. Angela, if no one stops them--,

ANGELA
Who are they...the Gatekeepers?

Ben's impressed.

BEN
You got it, real smart guys. Only one problem, they got it in their heads that they don't wanna play by the rules anymore so they made up their <u>own</u>. They don't pay taxes, they don't leave traces... technically, they don't exist.

ANGELA
And Fisher's one of 'em?

BEN
Fisher's their main operative. Their cloak and dagger man, smart and ruthless. But as unscrupulous as he is, the guys at the top are worse.

ANGELA
Could they have gotten to Vince Bergstrom, maybe changed his records, his blood tests?

BEN
(nodding, impressed)
Exactly our line of thinking. They've got some kind of political agenda, freedom fighters for cyberpunk justice or some shit.
(beat)
They've been slowly infiltrating systems for years now...we know they're doing it, we just haven't been able to catch them at it...
(beat)
...until you came along.

Angela is excited someone is finally listening to her.

ANGELA
Look, I'm happy to tell you what I know...but you've got to help me get my life back.

BEN
(calming)
That's why I'm here. Now for starters, tell me how you accessed their system...

Phillips makes a turn, into a warehouse industrial district.

ANGELA
I didn't, Dale Hessman did. I was just sent the program disk.

Phillips is amused. A disk, it all seems so simple.

BEN
A disk? And where's the disk now?

ANGELA
It was ruined in Mexico.

BEN
Did you make any copies?

ANGELA
No.

BEN
Not even before it was stolen...?

Angela looks at him.

ANGELA
No.

BEN
(shakes his head)
Too bad. That disk is the only hope we had of catching these bastards. There anything else you can tell me?

ANGELA
(a long beat)
So now you've tapped into the FBI?

BEN
What?

ANGELA
(snapping)
How did you know the disk was stolen?

Phillips face drops, he is silent, staring straight ahead.

ANGELA
You're not FBI...who the hell are you?

Phillips, doesn't answer, keeps staring ahead. Angela looks up and sees a car ahead, blocking the road. Sitting nonchalantly inside is FISHER! Cool, menacing.

ANGELA
Dammit.

Angela reacts, SLAMMING her foot down hard on the accelerator. The car FLIES down the road, straight at Fisher.

Fisher REACTS instantly, trying to start the car.

FISHER
Shiit!

IN BEN'S CAR:

BEN WRESTLES with Angela, who determinedly keeps her foot hard on the gas and holds the steering wheel firmly pointed at Fisher.

BEN
What are you doing, you'll kill us.

Fisher gets his car started and SHOVES it into gear. He hits the gas, too late, Ben's car SLAMS into the side, SPINNING both cars around hard and SMASHING them into a building.

The WRECKAGE, smoke, steam. A beat, a movement, then Ben's passenger car door SWINGS OPEN. Another beat and Angela stumbles out.

She's shaken, bruised, but realizes she must keep moving. She starts to limp off down the road, then picks up her momentum and hurries off.

Inside Ben's car we see him slumped over the wheel, bleeding, a LARGE GASH across his forehead.

Then we hear the sound of a car starting, tearing away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD WAY - DAY

Angela, rounds the corner running hard, already out of breath but knowing she can't stop. Up ahead she SEES a BRIDGE. A TRAWLING VESSEL, with a tall mast, ambles it's way down the river towards the drawbridge.

Angela puts everything she has in it as she heads towards the bridge.

Back with Fisher, DRIVING FAST, searching for Angela. THERE! He SLAMS on the brakes having passed the street she's on. He shoves it into reverse and backs up FULL SPEED.

SLAMMING on the brakes again he looks down the street and sees Angela now on the bridge. He also sees the trawling ship nearing the bridge and a BARRICADE starting to be lowered so to raise the bridge.

Throwing it into gear he BOOTS it, flying TOP SPEED down the street towards the bridge.

WITH ANGELA, she is halfway across the bridge and pauses for a moment to see Fisher flying towards her. The barricade is now fully DOWN and Fisher will have to crash through it.

The bridge starts to RISE, Angela runs hard, just making it safely on the other side as the bridge SPLITS...

But Fisher is still GOING FOR IT!

CRAASSH-he SMASHES through the lowered wooden barricade, the bridge is raising HIGHER, the trawling ship is passing through, Fisher is going to MAKE IT....

SCREEECH! He SLAMS on the brakes, SKIDDING forward and finally coming to rest with his front wheels over the edge of bridge. He's dangerous, not crazy.

He SLAMS his hand hard against his steering wheel as he sees Angela DISAPPEARING down the street.

EXT. ROADWAY - DUSK

Angela walks down the road, exhausted, dirty, as the red-purple hues of SUNSET cast ominous LONG SHADOWS across the pavement in front of her.

Not far down the road she sees:

A simple neon sign - MOTEL. No name, just a bright pink VACANCY underneath.

INT. MOTEL CHECK IN - NIGHT

MOTEL OWNER
Gotta credit card?

Angela shakes her head. The Motel Owner, a pencil thin woman in her late 60's, spins a registry book around to Angela.

MOTEL OWNER
S'okay. Room's 29.95 fer the night. Just jot yer name down and I'll get ya a key.

Angela pulls out the last of her money, counts out 30 bucks then reaches for the pen.

ANGELA
There a place to get something to eat around here?

The Owner slides the room key across, then points across the parking lot.

MOTEL OWNER
Diner'll send somethin' to your room. Wouln't recommend it. The Tavern's alotta fun though, a hang out for these parts. Fry you a burger for a few dollars and I'm sure a fella'd buy you a beer.

Angela looks to the Tavern next door, busy.

ANGELA
Thanks. I think I'll stick to the diner.

As she leaves, the Owner spins the log book around--no name is registered.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

The SHOWER on. Angela lets the water hit her hard in the face in an attempt to blast away the dirt and memories of the last few days.

LATER

Angela, stands before the bathroom MIRROR. She wipes the FOG off the mirror, then stares at HER REFLECTION, wondering who she is now.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Very cheap, an ugly painting on the wall, a barely eaten plate of food sits on the counter. The owner was right.

Angela sits on the bed. In front of her is the diagram of names she was playing with back at Alan's. She's added a new word. GATEKEEPERS. She links it to Schumaker and to Fisher.

Sounds come from outside the room. A guy's laugh, some voices then a GIRL'S SCREAM. Angela hurries to the window, parting the curtains, she stares out.

HER POV--A group of people pour out of the tavern. The girl isn't screaming, she's LAUGHING hysterically. A handsome guy, jeans, work shirt, has his arm around her.

In near darkness, Angela stands, unmoving, peering between curtains, out the window, watching the group of friends, having a good time, just enjoying each other's company.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Full, raucous, noisy and a helluva time being had by all. Angela steps into frame, nervous, wary, unsure.

Angela sighs, takes a breath, and starts her way across the CROWDED FLOOR. People dancing, flirting, playing darts. Someone JOSTLES Angela, she freezes, uncomfortable.

A beat and she starts again, another BUMP, she keeps moving, another, people start to move by her, crowding her, she fights it, moving, focusing.

CHA-CHING. The bartender rings up a tab on an old fashioned till. He turns to Angela, wiping a stain off his shirt. A TV above the bar plays the local news with the sound turned off.

BARTENDER
Help ya.

Angela smiles, seems OK. She barely gets a chance to open her mouth.

VOICE
I'm buyin'...a beer for the lady.

Angela looks over. A guy, just a guy, work shirt, pleasant looking, sitting at the bar, throws some money down. Angela goes to protest.

BARTENDER
Don't think you're nothing special. He's bought every pretty girl in the place a beer tonight.

Angela smiles politely.

PETE
Won 60 bucks at the lottery.
(he extends his hand)
Pete Fisher.

Fisher?

ANGELA
(wary)
You know anything about computers?

PETE
Sure, whadya think prints my lotto ticket.

Angela reaches out, shakes his still extended hand as the Bartender slides a Budwieser over to her.

ANGELA
Nice to meet you Pete...Thanks for the beer.

PETE
Forget it...What you say your name was?

A beat...hesitant...then:

ANGELA
It's...Angela...Angela Benet.

PETE
And what does Angela Benet do...?

ANGELA
(laughs)
It's a long story...survives...
(beat)
You really want to know?

PETE
I got the time.

Angela suddenly catches something on the news. The NEWSCASTER sitting at his desk has a picture of Calvin Schumaker in a box beside his head. Angela calls to the Bartender.

ANGELA
Hey, could you turn that up please?

The bartender does.

NEWSCASTER
(smiling)
...and wasting no time in making himself heard -- the newly elected Speaker, Calvin Schumaker, blasted the Vice President's Information Satellite as a "Pie in the Sky" type venture.

The Elder Newscaster turns to a young pretty co-anchor.

NEWSCASTER
Maybe he's suggesting Marie Callender open a restaurant on the Information Superhighway, Valerie.

VALERIE
(forced laugh)
Could be Ed, but the Vice President's plans will certainly close up shop for those on the fiber optic network...And as the mud hits the fan in Washington, the Vice President hits the tarmac tomorrow, to visit the launch pad of the Satellite, his biggest achievement this term--just one day before it's takeoff.

ED
And we'll be covering live that press conference tomorrow at 3:00 Pacific Time, as well as the satellite launch at 10 AM the following morning...

It suddenly hits Angela.

ANGELA
The satellite.

PETE
What about it...?

ANGELA
Shit...it's the satellite program...it would shut down the Gatekeepers...look, sorry, I've gotta go...

She takes one last drink of her beer and starts out of the bar. She stops.

ANGELA
Hey, thanks for the beer...and the time.

PETE
My pleasure.

Pete smiles and dofts a pretend hat. Angela bows back and walks out the door through the crowd.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - MORNING

As the world famous MONORAIL whizzes by we pan down to see a LARGE TRUCK pull up and Angela climb out. Angela, steps forward, studying the weighty metallic logo of SYSTEK SOFTWARE- nestled in a planter outside the 10 story office building.

INT. SYSTEK BUILDING - DAY

MORNING WORKERS stream in and through a series of elaborate SECURITY MEASURES before they are admitted to the elevators.

Angela stands off to the side. She watches, seeing that each of the workers have a PERSONAL ID CARD which they must slide through a SENSOR before they are admitted.

The next step before walking through an open walkway, is punching in a SECURITY ACCESS CODE.

A Federal Express Bike Kid flies into the building towards the entrance. A GUARD bolts out and stops him.

GUARD #1
Yo, kid. Can I help ya?

BIKE KID
Yeah. A delivery for..
(he looks)
..C. Crawford--hey...that the model?

The Guard calls over to an ELDERLY GUARD behind the desk.

GUARD
Hey Ferguson...call up to...
(looks at the kid)
Chuck Crawford's office, tell 'em they got a delivery.

Angela looks over, sees the Security Camera behind the Elderly Guard Ferguson...Big Brother watching. She jots down on a piece of paper -- FERGUSON as the Security Guard picks up the phone.

FERGUSON
Hey it's Charley here at security. Got a delivery...thanks.
(to the kid)
Leave it here, I'll sign.

Angela completes the name, CHARLEY FERGUSON, and satisfied, turns and strides out of the lobby.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - SUBURBS

CLOSE ON: The front door as it swings open. It's Jerry. Slightly disheveled, tired looking, a sadness about him.

JERRY
Angela, my god.

CUT TO: minutes later

ANGLE ON: A small girl, 7, runs around in the front yard, singing at the top of her lungs.

JERRY (O.S.)
Marny...honey, Daddy's talking with a friend. Could you go see if mommy needs some help.

MARNY
OK Daddy.

Surprisingly, MARNY obliges, running into the house, past Jerry and Angela who sit together on the front porch.

ANGELA
Sweet.

JERRY
Isn't she. She's really everything...her...and Stacy. Without them...

He breaks off.

ANGELA
(beat)
So? What do you think...?

JERRY
Break into Systek?

ANGELA
We need to get into the GIT program. It must access the Gatekeeper's system.

JERRY
Then what?

ANGELA
I have to get on the Internet... preferably out of the building-- near by...

JERRY
I don't know...
(he thinks)
We've set up a connection at the trade show at the dome...

ANGELA
Perfect...all the better, there'll be plenty of people around. So...?

JERRY
(a long beat)
I can't..I'm already in a lotta trouble...

ANGELA
What happened Jerry? They said...

JERRY
I have no idea. One day there's police at my door...next thing I know they throw me in jail for stealing secrets...open and shut case...my lawyer says if I'm lucky, I'll get only...

Marny laughs inside. Jerry stops, looks towards the sound.

ANGELA
We could do this...together, the two of us...we can't let them get away with this...

JERRY
A month ago...before this happened, I would have...but now...
(beat)
Stacy was really there for me...more than I've ever been for her...I'm sorry Angela, I can't help you...I don't want to risk her...you understand...

Angela nods, stands.

ANGELA
I'm starting to...thanks anyway Jerry.

Jerry watches her turn and walk off down the walkway. We hold on Jerry, as Marny runs out onto the porch and gives him a big hug. A nice moment...and we cut to:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MALL-DAY

A SMALL SIGN reads: "WARNING! YOU MAY BE UNDER SURVEILLANCE!"

WE WATCH this from the POINT OF VIEW of the store's surveillance camera's wide angle distorted lens as ANGELA, bearing a couple of outfits on hangars, glances around--

She looks at the clothes she has, holds them, notices the plastic INVENTORY CONTROL TAGS. Ignoring the hooks, she casually hangs a dress from the top of the mirror, blocking our view completely. BLACK.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

One of those GENERIC PLACES in the mall where so many people ask if they can help you, you want to smack them. Angela walks toward the entrance, a worn SHOPPING BAG under her arm. Pausing near a rack of dresses, she looks toward the SECURITY DETECTOR.

A heavily PREGNANT WOMAN with a one year old in a carriage strolls among the latest fashion. She only wishes she could wear these. Angela sees her...an idea comes. She grabs two or three items with the plastic security TAGS.

MINUTES LATER -- Angela watches as the pregnant woman wheels the carriage out of the store. BEEEP. BEEEEP. BEEEP.

A SALES CLERK comes hurrying over, the woman with carriage stops at the irritating sound.

WOMAN
I'm sorry, I don't know...

As the beeping continues Angela slides out the door while the Clerk searches the woman's bags, finally finding the few items Angela had placed in the baby's carriage.

As Angela hurries off down the mall, the Woman ARGUES with the Sales Clerk as the Clerk calls over a SECURITY GUARD.

INT. MALL DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Angela, stepping out of a Mall Washroom. She's dressed nicely now. She moves past the clerks spraying everyone with their latest cologne, towards the rear make up area.

IN A MIRROR at a cosmetics counter, Angela dabs on powder, applies lipstick from a SAMPLE DISPLAY. She looks great.

INT. MALL - DAY

The newly made up Angela strides towards the exit. Suddenly she stops, hearing a sound, a sound that jars her.

She TURNS to see a LITTLE GIRL, standing in the middle of the mall, CRYING. People walk all around her, paying no attention to her. She looks TERRIFIED, an ICE CREAM CONE drips forgotten in her clenched little hand.

Ordinarily Angela would want to run, withdraw, instead she instinctively moves toward the little girl, wanting to help her, needing to help her.

Moving past people, through the crowd, she reaches her. Angela crouches down, at first the Girl is scared, but slowly warms to the soothing voice of Angela.

ANGELA
You scared?

The Little Girl nods.

ANGELA
That's OK. So am I sometimes.
What's your name?

The Little Girl, still slightly frightened, shakes her head.

ANGELA
You don't know? It's important
for you to know who you are.

The Little Girl looks at her, starts to trust her.

LITTLE GIRL
Jenper.

ANGELA
Well Jennifer, I'm Angela.
Everything's going to be alright
now, there's nothing to be afraid
of. OK?

The Little Girl nods again, feeling safer. Angela looks around and sees a YOUNG MOTHER looking worried, wandering the halls.

Angela takes Jennifer by the hand and walks her to her Mother.

YOUNG WOMAN
(visibly upset)
Oh my God, there you are... I've
been looking...
(to Angela)
She wandered off and...I can't
thank-you enough, I was worried
sick.

ANGELA
She's fine. A little scared, but
she's fine now.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well...thank-you.

Angela smiles at the Little Girl, then turns to walk away. A large crowd has started to gather. Angela takes a deep breath, then steps through the crowd and out the door.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

We move down the rows upon rows of potential drivers to find Angela at a window talking to a young MOTOR VEHICLE OFFICER.

She points--to a MAN in the far office, very official, on the phone, looking very busy.

The kid nods and off he shuffles to try and interrupt the Official Man. In a flash, Angela spins the COMPUTER around the officers all use and SCANNING the screen quickly types in FERGUSON, CHARLES.

A beat, it's scanning, scanning. Angela looks up. The kid got to the Official Man. The Man looks CONFUSED.

ANGELA
C'mon. C'mon.

BINGO. The screen LIGHTS UP with CHARLEY FERGUSON'S address, 2311 Country Club Lane, his license plate number 2KIT 329, that the car is co-registered to a SHEILA FERGUSON, etc.

Angela looks up, sees the Official Man striding TOWARDS HER and she quickly jots down the information then bolts, just as he arrives at the booth.

MR. WILLIAMS
Yes. Can I help you?

An ELDERLY ORIENTAL GENTLEMAN in the front, stares back at him.

EXT. KINGDOME - DAY

We move along past the KINGDOME looming out the window of the MONORAIL like the mother ship. A banner in front of the stadium. PACIFIC RIM COMPUTER CONVENTION--THE FUTURE AT YOUR DOOR.

We pan over to see Angela in the train, standing, watching the receding Kingdome. Tired, wary...ready.

EXT. SYSTEK BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Angela scans the parking lot, Charley's license number in front of her. There...2KIT 329. A late '80s American hatchback.

Angela looks it over. Nothing special. A few dents, the muffler dragging a bit. A pair of golf clubs in the back, a parking sticker from a local golf club. Satisfied she moves on.

EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

The place where the garbage cans, plus, being the good ecologists, the recycling bins are kept. Angela finds a large cardboard box and fills it with a heavy bundle of newspapers.

INT. SYSTEK BUILDING LOBBY - END OF THE DAY

Angela enters, lumbering under the weight of the BOX. She approaches the guard desk where Charley sits. Angela uncomfortably shifts the heavy box in her arms.

ANGELA
Hey, Charley. Guess what?

CHARLEY
Excuse me?

The guard looks at her quizzically.

ANGELA
Angela. Angela Benet. I forgot my ID card again. Don't tell me you don't... Elsie's daughter from the club. My mother and your wife Sheila are best of friends.

CHARLEY
Sheila's not my wife.

Shit. No? She almost DROPS under the weight of the box.

ANGELA
No?

CHARLEY
(smiling)
Everybody makes that mistake, she's my sister.

Angela tries to laugh along with Charley.

ANGELA
Could you give me a hand here, my back's a little strained.

Charley comes around from behind the desk, sympathetic. He takes the heavy box from her.

CHARLEY
How'd you do that?

ANGELA
13th fairway. You know the one. Took too much divot and wham!

CHARLEY
Ouch. Never had a problem on the 13th. Trouble gettin' home from the 19th sometimes, though.

With a wink, Charley bursts out laughing at his own joke. Angela with him. Angela starts WALKING towards the entrance door, Charley AUTOMATICALLY follows, carrying the box.

ANGELA
Say, mom told me you were having trouble with your muffler. My husband Kevin runs that small garage over off Clinton. I'm sure he could get you a deal on it.

CHARLEY
I sure would like to get that muffler fixed.

They are at the entrance.

ANGELA
(indicating the box)
I think I can take that from here. Thanks...

Handing the box over, Charley whips a pass card out and slides it through. The door BUZZES and POPS open.

ANGELA
Give us a call on the weekend, Peter will fix that muffler right up for you.
(she stops)
Oh...the Code.

Angela stares at the SECURITY CODE BUTTONS. She's got her arms full, she tries to reach the buttons, to no avail.

CHARLEY
That's OK, go on through. I'll shut her off after you.

Angela hefts up the box, then walks though the opening, setting the ALARM off briefly, she smiles sheepishly, but Charley shuts it off. With a nod, Angela is gone.

INT. SYSTEK CORPORATION - LATE DAY

Angela, without the box, walks down a fairly non-descript hall towards a large set of doors that have the Systek logo on them. Pausing at the door, she braces herself, then pries open the door.

About 35 small cubicles each with their own computer, many with PROGRAMMERS typing away like mad. The generally silent, click, click, click of the keys is like a tropical rainfall. Persistent and strong.

Angela moves down the rows, past PEOPLE moving about, who seemingly pay no attention to her, searching, staring at the many operators working on their keyboards.

As every person BUMPS into her she CATCHES her breath. THERE! An EMPTY CUBICLE. Angela goes to it, swiftly, then slides in keeping low behind the barrier.

A beat and she puts her head down. She takes some DEEP HEAVY BREATHS. Sitting up she flicks the computer on in front of her. It powers up in a few quick seconds.

Angela stares at the screen--a blinking-PASSWORD:

She's stumped.

VOICE
Hey, that's my seat.

Angela FREEZES, then slowly turns. A MALE PROGRAMMER, early twenties, stands, hands full, holding a tray with a Coke and sandwich.

ANGELA
Uh, I'm sorry I...

The Programmer looks at her, then where she sits, then realizes...

PROGRAMMER
Hey wait a minute... You're right. This isn't my seat. Fuckin' place...everything looks the same. You alright, you look kinda...

ANGELA
Hungover.

PROGRAMMER
Hey alright, party till you drop.

ANGELA
Hey...I'm having trouble focusing here...you remember the new password?

The Kid grabs his tray with one hand, and opens the other. We see FLYING PIGS written in ink on his palm.

PROGRAMMER
I never remember either.

And he wanders off. Angela takes a DEEP BREATH, regains herself, then swings back to the computer, punching in the password.

A beat--then: the MAIN MENU comes up.

Angela stares at it, then types in SERCH PROGRAMS.

The computer BEEPS loudly at her spelling mistake. She CRINGES, correcting it, then presses ENTER and watches the computer do it's thing. In a matter of seconds the list of COMPANY PROGRAMS come up.

She smiles. This is working out. She SCANS the list, quickly finding the GIT PROGRAM listing, which has an IN DEVELOPMENT next to it's name.

With the MOUSE she finds on the desk, she HIGHLIGHTS the GIT Program name and clicks. Again the computer whirrs and the LOGO for the program now comes up on the screen.

Suddenly the logo DISAPPEARS and a warning comes up--RESTRICTED ACCESS--A. BENET only.

ANGELA
Shit.

She pushes ENTER again, the computer BEEPS loudly, ONCE, TWICE, THREE... Now what?

MALE VOICE (o.s.)
Ms. Benet.?!

Angela stops dead. Dammit.

VOICE (o.s.)
(persistent)
Angela Benet?!

Angela takes a breath. Prepares to stand and face whoever this is. She stands slowly about to speak, when...

ANOTHER VOICE
Yes. Right here, Angela Benet.

Angela looks over to where a YOUNG WOMAN, somewhat similar to Angela but not as pretty, stands. She's the Woman we saw in Mexico! Angela sits back down quickly.

The voice calling was a RUNNER for the company. His hands are loaded with LUNCH ORDERS. He moves down the aisle towards the Imposter, who sits in a more private area.

RUNNER
(searching the bags in his arms)
It was...corn beef on wheat with lots of...

IMPOSTER
(stern)
Without mustard.

RUNNER
Right, without. Here ya go.
(calling out)
Stevens, Dan Stevens!

STEVENS (o.s.)
Over here.

Angela peers over the side to see the Imposter take her lunch and the Runner head off to his next delivery. Angela ducks, just as the Imposter GLANCES OVER in her direction.

What to do? Angela has to get into the Imposter's computer. Quickly Angela turns back to the computer in front of her. A few quick key strokes and the companies BUILDING CONTROL SYSTEM comes up.

Angela hesitates, searches, then types again. Now WE SEE the FIRE SECURITY ALARM system come up on the screen.

On the screen we SEE Angela move the cursor around, expertly hit an area on the screen, then press ENTER.

RRRRRINNNNG-The Fire Alarm SCREAMS.

Some people get up in panic. Many take it all very casually. Everyone starts to make their practiced way out of the office and the building.

Angela, back at her cubicle, feigns getting ready to go out, watching the Imposter who HESITATES then decides it's OK and heads out of the room with everyone else.

Angela waits a beat, then DASHES over to the Imposter's cubicle.

It's somewhat larger than many of the others but just as non-descript. Angela FLICKS on the computer, all the while watching the Imposter walk out of the room. The same MENU comes up as before.

Back at the computer, Angela's fingers fly, she quickly goes through the procedures. Highlighting GIT PROGRAM she clicks the mouse...

IT'S UP! The program flashes across the screen and this time instead of the warning coming up, the program logo is replaced by a friendly "HELLO ANGELA" on the screen.

In QUICK CUTS we see her breaking down the problem as we had seen her do before. She gets past the QUESTION MARK to an empty screen with a blinking cursor.

A beat, she hesitates, we hear SIRENS. Angela scrambles to the window. Looking down she sees all the EMPLOYEES standing outside and a series of FIRE TRUCKS barreling down the street.

Back with the Computer, Angela studies it, a beat, then she realizes, quickly she types: SHADOW.

The screen clears, then instantly an unimaginable SCROLL flies past. Angela is astounded. It is going so fast it is unintelligible. She looks up at the main doors. Still no one. The sirens have subsided.

Back to the program. She types a few keys, all of a sudden the scroll STOPS!

A full screen of NAMES and ORGANIZATIONS, listed alphabetically. Vast, all encompassing...

FAIR, WALTER-AMBASSADOR TO CHILE
FARAKHAN, LOUIS-MUSLIM LEADER
FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION
FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION
FINCH, PHILLIP-CEO KROLL/PARSONS PHARMACEUTICAL
FOREIGN PRESS CENTER
FRANKEL, BRADLEY-DULLES AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
ETC. ETC. ETC.

Angela pushes another button. Scrolls back to the B's...finding....her name...ANGELA BENET!

She highlights and CLICKS the mouse.

Instantly we see Angela's picture, with Angela's name beside it.

The screen is split in half. On one side is Angela's name and everything about her. EVERYTHING! Ht. Wt. Hair Color. Shopping habits. Favorite foods. Medical history. Movies she watches...

A staggering profile of Angela's entire life!

On the other side is the name: RUTH MARX!

She's stunned.

A beat and she goes back to the main directory. In quick cuts we see:

VINCE BERGSTROM. Another comparison. One side AIDS the other side not. Financial debt one side, the other, a healthy account.

Cut to: VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES - odd, comparisons are the same.

Cut to: The cursor hesitating on THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A NOISE-- She peaks over the edge of the cubicle. People are starting to stream back in to the office. Shit!

Back at the computer: she hesitates, then it comes to her-- Angela quickly scrolls to NASA. Click. A directory. Scroll to INFORMATION SATELLITE. Click!

All the specifications - SIDE BY SIDE. Everything seems to match-except--BOOSTER ROCKET FIRING. On the left side, it reads appropriately for early tomorrow morning.

On the tampered side it reads TODAY 3:00 p.m.! The time the Vice President is to be on the launch pad!

She looks to the clock on the wall--2:20!!

Angela snaps out of it. People are starting to fill the room. She realizes she has to get out of there. With the program.

She SEARCHES through the Imposter's desk, finds a DISK and shoves it in the computer. She TYPES--COPY C:\GIT PROGRAM A:

The computer LIGHTS UP as the program begins COPYING to the FLOPPY DISK. Angela is sweating, anxious.

ANGELA
(to the computer)
C'mon, damn you.

Suddenly the computer BEEPS. A MESSAGE comes up on the screen.

INSUFFICIENT DISK SPACE. TRY ANOTHER DISK? Y/N

ANGELA
Oh, god.

Frantic, she goes through the desk again. No more disks. A bespectacled Oriental kid returns to his station next to the Imposter's.

Angela looks to the door, still no sign of the Imposter, a few Fireman mill about checking for fire. The room is starting to get crowded again. She feels the room CLOSING IN.

Angela leans over, GRABBING the Oriental kid.

ANGELA
(panicked)
You got an empty disk?

KID
What?

ANGELA
I need a formatted disk, now!
It's important.

The Kid sees the CRAZED LOOK in her eyes. He acts quickly.

KID
Yeah, yeah, sure, here you go!

Angela GRABS the disk and DIVES into the cubicle again. POPPING the other disk out, she SLAMS the new disk in, pushing Y for copy again.

As it STARTS UP she looks back to see the Imposter entering the office and making her way back TOWARD HER.

Angela holds her hand near the floppy disk port, beckoning it to finish and eject.

The Imposter is just cubicles away when...

The computer FINISHES copying. Angela EJECTS the disk into her hand and slinks out of the cubicle just as...

The Imposter turns to say good bye to the other worker and enters into her just vacated cubicle.

Angela makes her way slowly down the rows and rows and rows of computer cubicles towards the door. It seems miles away. Like a long narrow tunnel.

The Imposter settles into her desk, picking up her lunch again, when she notices:

THE DISCARDED FLOPPY DISK!...still sitting out on the desk.

Angela is almost at the main doors. A number of returning employees BLOCK the door.

The Imposter picks up the DISK. She pauses, looks at her computer, sees the GIT/Shadow Program up, realizes, standing quickly, she looks about. There! She SEES Angela just about to leave the room.

IMPOSTER
Angela!...Angela Benet!

Angela reflexively TURNS, then realizes what she's done and BOLTS For the door, throwing it open and charging down the hall.

The Imposter grabs her phone--punching a quick number.

IMPOSTER
Security.

INT. SECURITY AREA - DAY

Guard #1 DROPS the phone, PUNCHING a button which sets off an alarm. He picks up a MIKE, barking into it.

GUARD #1
Robbery. On the 10th floor...

INT. OFFICE AREA - DAY

The Imposter slams the phone down, then turns to the computer. She quickly TYPES in some information, then punches a key hard.

We see on her computer an OVERLOAD. As her screen goes JUMBLED, we hear CRIES from EVERYONE in the room that their computers have gone down. NOTHING is working anymore!!

Amidst the confusion the Imposter reaches in her purse and pull out an AUTOMATIC HANDGUN with a SILENCER.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Angela FLIES past PEOPLE still returning to their stations. A group of FIREMAN stand about a COMPUTERIZED CONTROL PANEL.

FIREMAN #1
Section 2--OK. Section 3--OK.
But I can't figure out 4,
something's screwy here.

Angela BURSTS through them, heading towards the elevators. She PUNCHES the buttons. A beat. She waits, nothing.

Angela looks down the hall and sees the Imposter, exiting the office into the hall, LOOKING for Angela.

Angela turns and RUNS towards the door way to the stairs.

INT. STAIR WELL - DAY

Angela FLIES into the stairwell and DIVES HEADLONG DOWN, almost KNOCKING over a pair of Firemen exiting.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The imposter RUSHES DOWN the hallway and blasts past the elevator as the doors close, BOLTING past the Firemen and THROUGH the door to the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Entering the stairwell she HEARS Angela SCRAMBLING down the stairs. STOPPING abruptly, she leans over the rail, catching sight of Angela four floors down.

The imposter pulls out the GUN, AIMS then...PHHHT. PING. A SHOT ricochet OFF RIGHT NEXT to Angela. Angela panics and DIVES into the doorway to the 5th floor..

Back with the imposter, realizing sh missed, she scurries off down the stairs towards Angela's exit.

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Angela enters the hallway, the door slamming hard behind her, she see's down the end of one hallway, 2 SECURITY GUARDS crossing into a room. Angela ducks back.

Down the other end, a lone FIREMAN, JACKET and HELMET off, standing on a chair, climbing up into the suspended ceiling.

FIREMAN (muffled)
I don't know why I always get the fuckin' ceilings. Goddam rats everywhere...

Angela, seeing the security guys gone, RUNS to the elevator, punching the button.

ANGELA
Come on...

A beat. She looks to where the Fireman left his gear.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The imposter sails down the stairs, losing her balance momentarily, then regaining it as she hits the Fifth floor doorway.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

The imposter bursts into the hallway. The Fireman, climbing back out of the ceiling down one end, the Security Guys exiting the room, down the other. But no Angela.

IMPOSTER
Dammit.

EXT. SYSTEK BUILDING - DAY

FIRE TRUCKS. A few LOOKY LOOS. Firemen roll up hoses they'd pulled out as a precautionary. Two POLICE SQUAD CARS help move traffic around the commotion. A LOW BLACK CAR speeds up and stops. The door opens...it's FISHER.

INT. SYSTEK LOBBY - DAY

A group of Firemen mill about, a few come off the elevator and head out of the building. The Security Guards keep a close watch on the main door, guns drawn,...not seeing...

ANGELA. Fireman's jacket slumped over her shoulders, Fireman's hat pulled low over her eyes, as she LEAVES the building with a handful of other Firemen.

EXT. SYSTEK BUILDING - DAY

Fisher casually walks toward the building. His eyes peeled for Angela. Police mill about. Firemen are exiting the building.

WE SEE Angela, head down following the other Firemen to their truck. She looks up, catches a glimpse of Fisher coming right at her. She keeps her head down and tucks in behind the others, walking right past him as he heads toward the building.

INT. SYSTEK LOBBY - DAY

The Imposter bursts out of the stairwell, out of breath. She goes over to the Security Guards.

IMPOSTER
(exhausted)
Have you seen her. The Brunette. She's stolen an important program. She had to have come this way.

GUARD #1
No, ma'am. No sign of her, and this is the only way out. No one's got by us. Only people we're letting in or out are the Firemen.

Firemen! It hits her! She shoves past the guard, running to the front door.

EXT. SYSTEK BUILDING - DAY

We move towards one of the Firetrucks, still being loaded with hoses. Just behind the truck we see it: A FIREMAN'S JACKET lying on the ground. A HAT sitting on top of it.

Back to the entrance of the building we see the Imposter fight her way out, just as Fisher arrives at the building.

FISHER
Where is she?

IMPOSTER
The Firemen, she's got to be with the Firemen.
(beat)
She got a copy of the program.

They hurry towards the Fire Trucks.

FISHER
You were to destroy all the copies!

IMPOSTER
I did. All that was left was in the mainframe. I was still figuring out how he cracked our system. She must have copied...

FISHER
Fuck!

They arrive at the Jacket and hat on the ground. Looking around quickly, the Imposter spots her.

IMPOSTER
There.

ANGELA!--hurrying her way up the stairs to the Monorail platform. She looks back to see the Imposter running down the street after her, Fisher diving into his car. Angela scrambles up the stairs seeing the Monorail about to arrive.

EXT. STREET NEAR PLATFORM - DAY

The Imposter, out of breath, stops at the bottom of the platform just as Fisher pulls up in his car.

FISHER
Go after her. Try and make the train, I'll follow in the car.

The Imposter turns and hurries up the steps.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - DAY

Angela waits impatiently as the Monorail pulls in. It's crowded. She looks about, no other choice, she moves her way onto the first car, and makes her way to the middle, surrounding herself with people.

The doors are starting to close as the Imposter reaches the platform. She DIVES for the last car, catching it just as the doors are inches apart. They spring OPEN for a second, letting her in, then slide shut as the Train pulls away from the platform.

INT. MONORAIL - DAY

Angela -- two cars ahead -- sees the Imposter make it on the train. She makes her way to the front of the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fisher sees the train pull away, guns his car and heads off in pursuit.

INT. MONORAIL - DAY

The Imposter roughly starts making her way down the car. Her GUN held in her hand inside her jacket. She focuses intently on the front car, looking for any sign of Angela.

With Angela -- she looks back, catching a glimpse of the Imposter moving towards her. She looks down onto the streets for the next stop and sees Fisher! -- speeding along parallel to the train.

Shit! Angela from her hiding position, looks up for some sign of help... A worn aged ADVERTISEMENT hangs inside the train. For Washington Bell -- REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE! Right, thanks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fisher speeds along the road after the monorail. He picks up his cellular phone, punching a speed dial button.

FISHER
(barking)
I'm on Pioneer promenade -- get on the main grid?...Good--south side? Got it...I need the lights on 3rd Street cleared, now!

His POV, a long line of traffic lights all turn to green and hold as he clears them.

FISHER
Now, the southbound Monorail...
...what do you mean it's manual!?!

INT. MONORAIL - DAY

The Imposter continuing to move, is only one car behind now.

Angela sees her nearing. She's starting to panic. She looks down, Fisher's car keeping pace.

Then up ahead, she sees it -- the Kingdome.

BACK TO the Imposter who is at the end of the second car, about to enter onto Angela's car. An announcement is heard. Garbled but distinguishable -- NEXccchT STOP -- KINGDOckckckc.

INT. FISHER'S CAR - DAY

He slams on the brakes. The Monorail has stopped at the Kingdome stop. A lot of people get off, Fisher watches closely for Angela.

EXT. MONORAIL - KINGDOME STATION - DAY

People start to FILE OFF and on the train. The Imposter gets off, but has lost Angela in the shuffle, unsure whether to leave the train or not.

She hesitates studying the crowd leaving, NO SIGN. The train's about to leave, she decides, DIVING back on just as the doors close.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fisher sees the Imposter back on the Monorail and as it pulls out again, he SHOVES his car into gear, HEADING OFF after it.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The Imposter has pushed her way to the front, looks around, no sign of Angela...damn...she looks out the window to see Angela entering the parking lot to the Kingdome!

IMPOSTER
Oh shit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fisher driving, looks up at the speeding train. His eye catches the Imposter, looking down at him, frantically POINTING at the Kingdome.

Fisher SLAMS on his brakes, looking back, just in time to see the real Angela hustling to the Kingdome entrance.

Fisher shoves it in reverse and TAKES OFF back toward the dome.

EXT. KINGDOME - DAY

Angela, at the entrance, out of breath, still CLUTCHING the disk, looks back to see Fisher's car tearing across the parking lot. She hurries inside.

INT. KINGDOME - DAY

She moves through the LONG TUNNEL towards the stadium floor, reaching the end, she steps out into a bombast of LIGHT and SOUND.

A stadium full of COMPUTERS and full of PEOPLE! SALESMAN hawk all the latest technology, while a capacity crowd wanders the floor.

She looks up; on the stadium scoreboard screen:

--the image of the SPACE SHUTTLE ON THE LAUNCHPAD-press surround a makeshift platform where the Vice President is to speak.

A clock on the scoreboard screen 2:50!

Angela looks about, searching. There! Dead center, on a slightly raised platform, a BAY OF COMPUTERS with a SIGN professing "BRINGING THE WORLD CLOSER TOGETHER -- SYSTEK."

Angela takes a breath, about to start across the floor, as a figure moves up behind her, reaches out..

VOICE
Angela...

Angela turns, ready to run, defend herself...it's Jerry!

ANGELA
Jerry, thank god. They've set the Satellite boosters to go off with the Vice President on the pad.

JERRY
What the hell are you talking about?

ANGELA
The boosters go off early, the rocket blows up with the Vice President along with it...killing the chances of the Satellite system.

JERRY
Look, I shouldn't be here,...I just wanted to bring you this.

Jerry holds out a MINI DISK to her.

JERRY
I think this will help.

She takes it.

ANGELA
What is it?

JERRY
It's a logic bomb. Just punch in your own instructions and attach it to the program...it'll do the rest.
(beat)
I gotta go, good luck.

Angela watches him hurry off, then turns and starts onto the crowded floor.

EXT. KINGDOME - NIGHT

FISHER'S CAR screeches to a halt at the entrance. He opens the car door, stepping out. CLICK. He slams a CLIP in his AUTOMATIC with a SILENCER.

INT. KINGDOME - NIGHT

Fisher runs down the same LONG TUNNEL towards the stadium floor. Entering, he takes in the busy convention. At each entrance stand ARMED SECURITY GUARDS. Angela has protected herself well.

He SEES the big screen as well--the VICE PRESIDENT'S car has just pulled up and he is making his way to the platform at the base of the monolithic shuttle.

Fisher smiles, then stands back, SEARCHING the SEA OF FACES. Face after face blend into each other as he scans the huge crowd.

We CUT CLOSE to see FINGERS TYPING, expert, driven, specific.

CLOSE ON Angela's eyes--she looks up at the screen.

ON THE STADIUM SCOREBOARD; the Vice President on the platform.

The CLOCK-ticking-2:57!

BACK TO Fisher, looking, moving slowly around the stadium. He feels the gun in his pocket. Careful, cautious.

BACK to the FINGERS, typing, ceaselessly, like their life depends on it. A disk popped out--another popped in.

CLOSE ON THE STADIUM SCOREBOARD SCREEN; the face of the Vice President, enlarged and distorted on the pixels of the screen.

BACK to Fisher, he thinks he sees something, pushing a young couple browsing out of the way, he starts across the floor, towards the SYSTEK PLATFORM.

THE CLOCK-2:58!!

THE FINGERS, not stopping--the SCREEN, X-CLOSE, letters fly by--back to the FINGERS, in a flurry.

FISHER (o.s.)
Thought you didn't like crowds.

The Fingers stop. REVEAL Angela, perched at a computer atop the platform we saw earlier.

Angela ignores his remark, resumes typing quickly, driven. Fisher mounts the stairs quickly, glancing quickly to the BIG SCREEN. The Omega clock-so damn precise--2:59 and 05 seconds.

FISHER
Get away from the computer, Angela.

ANGELA
I want my life back!

Fisher smiles, putting his hand in his pocket, taking hold of the gun. Is he going to do it right here? He starts to move closer, a few feet away...

FISHER
Give me the disk.

Angela stops typing and turns from the computer, keeping her eyes on him. She sees his hands in his pocket. He takes a step towards her, glancing at the screen. 2:59:15.

FISHER
Now, dammit!

Angela hesitates. She doesn't move. Fisher reaches past her and pops the disk out of the computer.

ANGELA
Why me?

FISHER
You were easy, faceless, no friends, family. No one in the world gave a shit about Angela Benet. It's how you wanted it, wasn't it? Separate, no attachments.

Fisher snaps the disk in his hand.

ANGELA
What are you people up to...

FISHER
It's a new world out there, Angela. One where information is the going currency. You keep control of that and you've got everything.
(beat)
The circuitry, the fiber optics, we control it all now. Satellites are a whole new system. We couldn't take a chance of losing what's taken so long to build up.

ANGELA
And kill the Vice President along with it?

FISHER
This isn't about killing, Angela. It's about balance. The Vice President's vision unsettles that balance. We need someone there who will keep things in our favor.

ANGELA
Schumaker.

Fisher just smiles as his answer.

ANGELA
And many others like him, right. A Congressman here, a Judge there, it doesn't take long before you run it all.

Fisher smiles. She gets it.

FISHER
Open your eyes Angela. You think this country's working? It's time someone re-wrote the constitution, changed the way things work around here, change them to our way of thinking.

ANGELA
I don't need the Gatekeepers to run my life.

FISHER
They already are.

ANGELA
You're insane.

FISHER
Think so?
(points to the big screen)
It's happening, Angela. Right now! We have it all.

The SCREEN-People applauding the Vice President. CLOSE ON the clock ticking over 2:59:57!

ANGELA
Not anymore.

ON THE SCREEN, THE CLOCK READS 2:59:59, IT CHANGES TO 3:00:00. NOTHING HAPPENS. The VP calmly walks away from the platform, glad handing all the way. Fisher's shocked.

FISHER
What the hell's going on?

Angela looks around the large stadium.

ANGELA
Take a look, it's out there.

FISHER
What is?

Angela spins the COMPUTER MONITOR towards Fisher. On the screen we SEE the Bulletin Talk Board--the Internet--from the film's beginning. It FLASHES: pulsing, alive.

ANGELA
It's spreading throughout the Internet as we speak, multiplying at an increasing rate. Soon, every single computer in the United States will have access to your system.

Fisher goes suddenly pale and deathly serious. His confidence gone.

FISHER
You have any idea what you're doing?

ANGELA
I know exactly what I've done. I got my life back. What will you do, kill thousands... hundreds of thousands of people? Who would you have power over then?

Angela stands, Fisher moves over blocking her path.

FISHER
You idiot. You can't give everyone that kind of information. You realize what's going to happen.

ANGELA
Chaos?

With that she pushes one last button. The screen lights up with a scroll of information. A beat then...

SALESMAN (o.s.)
What's this?

In a flash we see the Salesman's screen LIGHT UP, then ANOTHER on the platform, then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, then like a tidal wave, EVERY COMPUTER in the whole goddamned building lights up:

With FISHER'S FACE and EVERY PIECE OF STORED INFORMATION about him.

The stadium starts BUZZING, CONFUSED, EXCITED. Angela, surveys her one moment of control.

ANGELA
Amazing isn't it?

Angela walks past the stunned Fisher who is pushing buttons on the computer, trying to clear it.

Angela stops at the top of the stairs.

ANGELA
You were right, Fisher. No one should have access to everyone's information.
(she turns to him)
There's a virus attached to the program.

FISHER
A virus?

ANGELA
You put a worm in the system, I put a logic bomb in yours. It's exploiting your system as we speak. A bomb designed so that no matter who uses the system, you, your people or anyone else... there's only one file that will come up, only one thing that can be screwed with...
(beat)
You put me though hell...now...

She motions to the exits around the building. Armed SECURITY GUARDS everywhere.

ANGELA (Cont'd)
...you see what it feels like.

Angela turns and starts down the stairs.

FISHER
(calling after her)
You really haven't accomplished anything, Angela. You know that. Angela!!
(beat)
You think we'll just go away...?

Fisher looks back to the computer. Something startles him-- Under police record, in bold letters--

OUTSTANDING WARRANT FOR FRAUD, EMBEZZLEMENT, CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.

FISHER
This is bullshit. These aren't real.

ANGELA
What's real?

And she moves into the crowd, for the first time unaffected by the closeness, actually relishing in it.

Fisher looks around, thousands of computers display his face. Someone spots him -- he turns, then someone else recognizes him from another direction.

ON THE STADIUM SCREEN: The Vice President waves to the crowd, smiling in the Florida sunshine. People cheer his accomplishment.

Fisher can't escape -- SECURITY GUARDS move through the floor of the Kingdome.

ON ANGELA, watching with great interest, as Fisher wrestles with the paralyzing fact that he's trapped. Her nightmare has now become his.

She turns: She begins cutting through the crowd, bumping into people, but it's OK. A tunnel is seen ahead -- white light at the end -- she's almost there, closer, into the tunnel, and then --

WHITE OUT

INT. MRS. BENET'S ROOM - DAY

Angela is packing her mother's things. Mrs. Benet is not so sure this is what she wants to do.

MRS. BENET
Colorado?

ANGELA
Shhh.

MRS. BENET
Why?

ANGELA
You have friends there.

MRS. BENET
(raising her voice)
Everything I need is in this room.

ANGELA
Shhh. We're going home, mom.

MRS. BENET
This is my home.

ANGELA
Home. Where we came from, where people know us.

MRS. BENET
I won't know who they are...

A beat. Her mother looks at her concerned.

ANGELA
You'll see faces you recognize, faces that recognize you. We've been inside for too long, mom.
(beat)
Too long.

A beat. Mrs. Benet nods.

INT. HALL, SANATORIUM - DAY

As Angela escorts her mother out the door, we hear:

DAN RATHER (v.o.)
...and a great moment for the Vice-President today as NASA provided a picture perfect takeoff...the President, who was reached over the phone just after the launch, said, quote, "it's a great day for America, for Freedom..."

EXT. SANATORIUM - DAY

Angela helps her mother into her car, moves to her side and getting in she drives away.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS: as Angela's car heads East through the morass of L.A., and into open country.

PETER JENNINGS (V.O.)
...memorial services were held today for Vince Bergstrom. A man respected by many in Washington...

OVERLAP TO:

LARRY KING (v.o.)
...but first we welcome the Vice President, who with today's deployment of the APEX-2 satellite, has successfully completed a major step towards laying the foundation for the super...FREEWAY of information.

OVERLAP TO:

BERNARD SHAW (V.O.)
...as recently sworn-in Speaker of the House, Calvin Schumaker, was detained by the FBI on unspecified charges, a new replacement for the beleagured position is under consideration...and while Schumaker denied allegations of ties to a Terrorist Hacker organization, the hunt for the group known as The Gatekeepers... continues.

Angela's car is now a speck on the horizon, the only car on the road. Then it disappears.